Saturday Review

DECEMBER 15, 1962 / 25¢

EDUCATION

CALVIN GROSS: NEW BOSS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SCHOOL SYSTEM

By Terry Ferrer

COLLEGES CAN OPERATE ALL YEAR

Four Plans for Twelve-Month Academic Calendars

ON WRITING AND BAD WRITING

By John Ciardi

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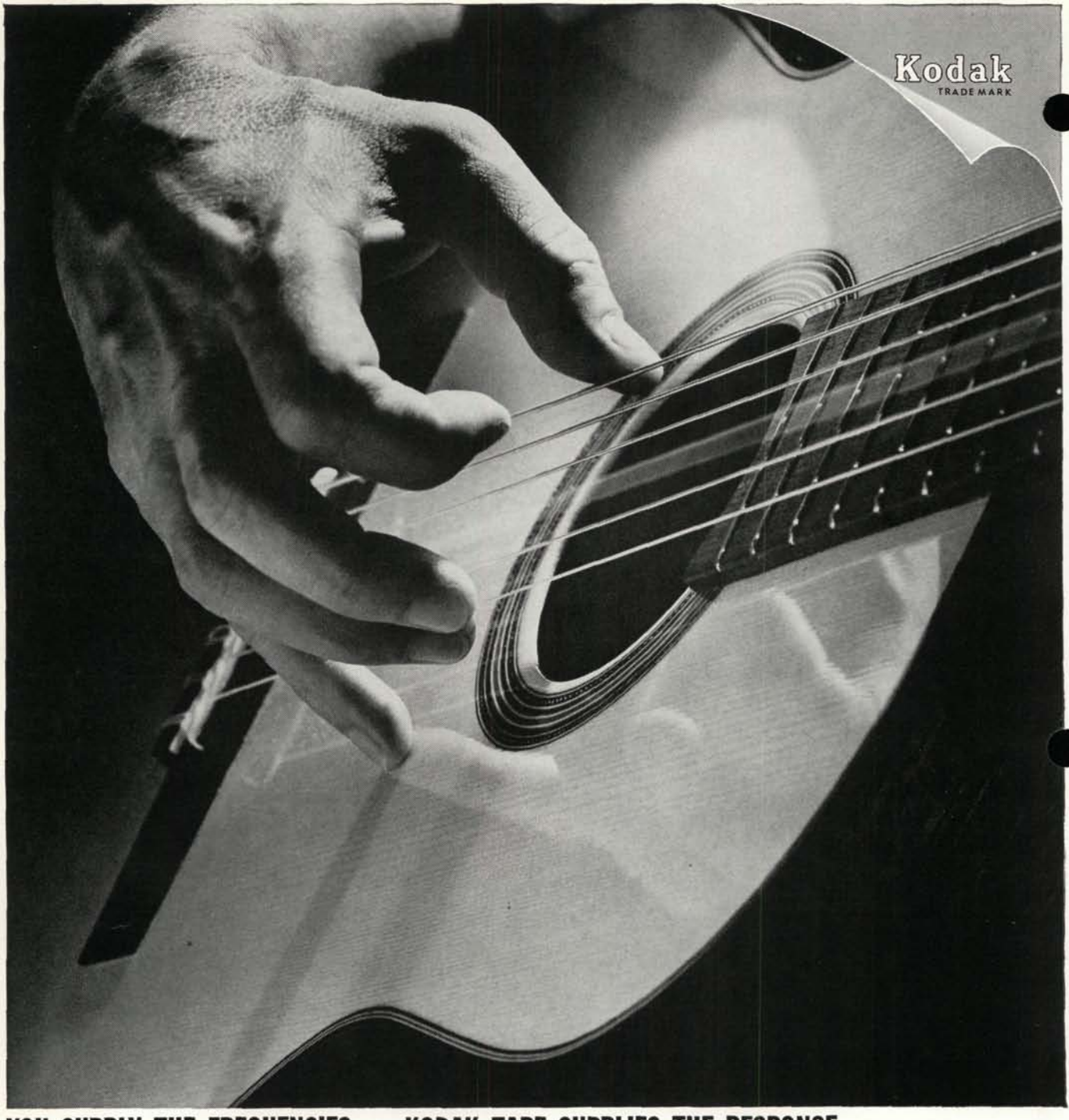

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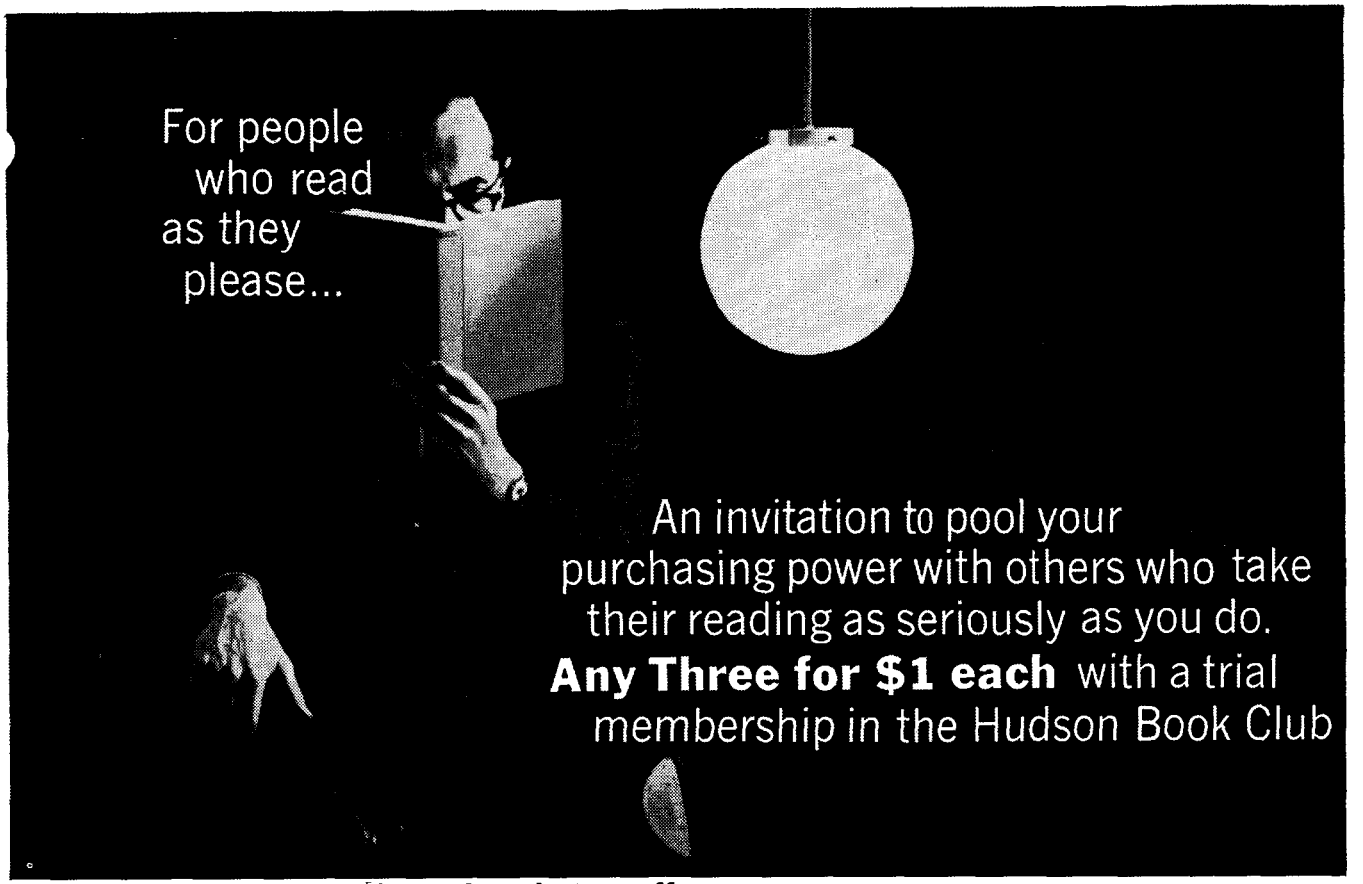
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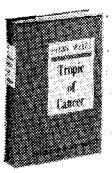

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(Advertisement)

This is the time of year when publishers' advertising is devoted almost exclusively to Christmas. Well, maybe not to Christmas itself but to the idea of giving books for Christmas. That, to the readers of the *Saturday Review*, at least, should be a conclusion long foregone. There seems little doubt that a well-chosen book, or a membership in a good book club makes a thoughtful, welcome, and admirable gift. So the question here becomes: to what should a remarkably advanced column like this devote itself in a time when other publishers speak of nothing but gifts?

The answer is plain—to urge you to look closely at the season's "gift" books to see whether they might be books for you, too. *The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds*, for example, is obviously a splendid, sumptuous gift. But what a book to have and to hold oneself—a practically perfect example of the large, breathtakingly illustrated work that is also a book to be read for a long time. Frank Lloyd Wright's *Architecture: Man in Possession of His Earth* is, appropriately enough, unique—a last testament from the master and at the same time a wonderful introduction to the art. Wright freed the architectural imagination and his book will work wonders with yours as well. Fred Hoyle's book on *Astronomy* is, too, both a summation and an introduction. It will strike off showers of stars in the mind of the reader—and the reader might well be you.

Of course, I'm not *opposed* to your giving these books to others if you must, but in that case I do encourage you to buy two. It is not entirely out of keeping with the spirit of the occasion we celebrate soon to suggest that enriching and expanding your own life is one way to honor the gift of life.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The three books mentioned above (priced in various editions from $8.50 to $20.45) may be found in any of the 30 Doubleday shops, or at your local bookseller. All will gift wrap a book—even if it's for you.

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CHOICE AND WITTY, this collection ranges from an *explication de texte* of three great Middle English poems to a delightful commentary on our culture, "American Advertising Explained as Popular Art" — is happy evidence of the author's stature as a writer as well as a philologist.

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WHAT IMAGES have the Russians formed of us from their translations and critiques of our books? Who decides whether it will be Hemingway or O. Henry? And how do changing Party lines color their reactions? The answers, together with rare Russian publishing statistics in this chronological survey of Soviet critical opinion make eye-opening reading.

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Edited by Martin Levin

A HOLLYWOOD LAD

(With apologies
to the Shropshire one.)

When I was one-and-twenty,
I wrote a mint of verse,
And some of it was plenty,
And some of it was worse.

Now I am more than fifty,
And have to earn my bread.
And Oh! but I am thrifty!
And Oh! that I was dead!

2

My heart with rue is laden
For golden coins I spent
On many a rose-lipped maiden,
On many a light-foot gent.

On beds too soft for sleeping
Those rose-lipped girls recline.
The light-foot gents are keeping
The dates that once were mine.

3

When I came last to Metro
Amidst the barleycorn,
Two friends kept step beside me,
As smart as any born.

Now Dick's asleep at Warner's
And Ned is old and worn,
And I'm alone at Metro
Amidst the barleycorn.

4

Say lad, have you work for two?
Up then! Noon's the time to dress.
If there's not too much to do,
I'm your fellow, more or less.

Send for me, and I may come,
If I have no luncheon date;
I may smell a bit of rum;
Most of us collaborate.

Use me while I still can play,
While I still can lift my hand,
Ere the lips lack breath to say
"No, my lad, I cannot stand."

5

Loveliest of sights, the little stars
Make puddles in the pools and
bars,

A Shot in the Dark

Or stride about the countryside,
Wearing mink for Eastertide.

Now of my threescore years and
ten,
Fifty will not come again,
And though I add and add the
score,
I cannot count on fifty more.

And since with less I must contrive
To look—if not to feel—alive,
Among the starlets I will go,
And so-and-so, and so-and-so.

—ROBERT NATHAN.

• • •

THE DEATH OF RICHARD CORY

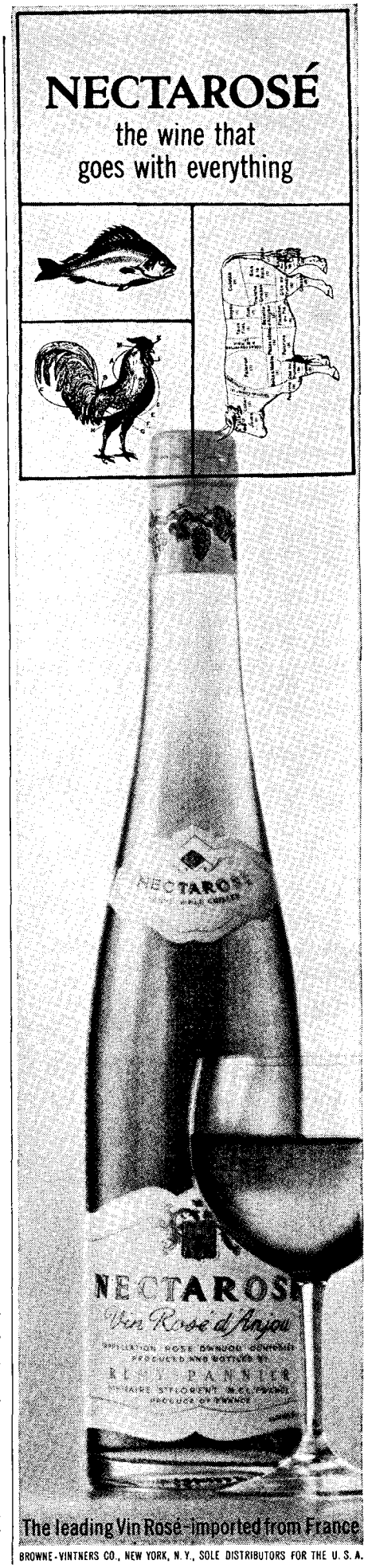
FOR YEARS scholars have wondered why Richard Cory, in Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, went home one summer night and put a bullet through his head. After all, he was "imperially slim" and "richer than a king." Why, in heaven's name, would a man who apparently had everything shoot himself?

Well, I have discovered the reason, and it's so simple that I wonder how it has eluded everyone for so long. You see, Richard Cory *did* have everything. That was his problem. He had all the imported socks and Scotch and cigars a man could possibly use. So it always happened that on his birthday or Christmas or any other gift-giving occasion, his friends did the only thing they could under the circumstances. They sought out gifts advertised "for the man who has everything."

They found these on special counters in drug, liquor, and department stores. They found them listed in columns in the back pages of magazines. They found them in catalogs which came to their mail boxes addressed to "Occupant."

I can see them as they pored over the selections. "Here's something old Richard couldn't possibly have," one would chuckle as he laid out $3.95 for a hand-tinted eyeball cufflink and tie tack set. "Boy, oh boy," another would exclaim, "I can hardly wait to see Cory's face when he opens *this*." *This* would be a tube of bourbon-flavored toothpaste.

Since Richard Cory was "a gentleman from sole to crown," he always accepted these gifts graciously. He even managed to emit warm laughter over cans of perfumed manure, but agony



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festered in his vitals. A man, after all, can only endure so much.

Then one year, as he began to anticipate Christmas, his dread mounted. He started examining counters and magazines and catalogs himself to see what might be in store for him. He encountered a key chain which had a medallion embossed with "I am an alcoholic—in case of accident get me a martini." He read about zebra wallets, "hand-sewn by skilled tribesmen in Nairobi and guaranteed to last forever." He found a true-to-life picture of poker-playing dogs—"canine cronies as human as your own gang itself." He noticed a JFK face mask—"slip on these famous features and be the hit of the party."

The closer it got to Christmas, the more despondent he became. Finally, word leaked out that his friends were planning a surprise party for him. Each was to put special care into selecting a unique present.

The night before Christmas, Richard Cory went home and started brooding over the packages he would have to open. He pictured himself unwrapping a special little brush for cleaning lint from the navel. After a bit, he got up from his leather chair, stumbled over the six-foot plastic mermaid with raffia hair which he had received the previous Christmas, opened the desk drawer, and took out his authentic replica of U. S. Grant's personal pistol. Then he pulled the trigger and put that bullet through his head. In his place, any of us would have done the same.

—Margaret Bennett.

• • •

THE CLICHE AS TERMINUS

(being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction)

He had a lucid interval and took her in his arms. The lips that had lately touched a rose met his.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she interrupted, laughing through her tears. "I will, I will!" She turned up her face. "Oh, Walt, kiss me."

He did.

This was not the end.

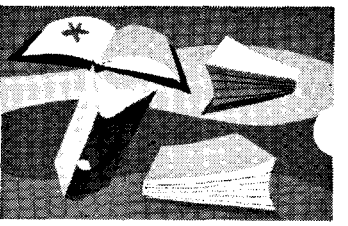
This was the beginning.

"Yes," she said, and her eyes were enormous, eclipsing her face, diamond-bright, tear-jeweled. "Yes, 'Tienne! That's all there is. Now." Her lips, moving, made small flames inches from his bearded mouth. "Ah, yes—now. Now. Now! 'Tienne! Now!"

All he said was "Cathy." But it was a good thing the car was parked.

—F. DeSales Meyers.

Trade Winds



THERE'S BEEN A CRISIS in California over the Cuban situation. According to my Manhattan Beach informant, the supermarkets have been jammed with women trying to get refunds on hoarded groceries purchased at the height of the scare. This is okay with the stores in most cases, but managers want their trading stamps returned, too. The gals can't oblige, for they have pasted them all in the books already.

In Hermosa Beach an argument is now raging. When nuclear death seems a possibility, should a housewife go on pasting trading stamps in the books?

AND BACK ON THE other side of the nation another serious matter is brought to my attention by the 1962 report of the president of the Save a Cat League, Inc., which numbers among its sponsors such names as Orson Bean, Una Merkel, Jack Carter, and Phil Rizzuto. "As New York City undergoes a face lifting," President Judith Scofield writes, "the situation of the city's cats becomes worse."

She points out that when old buildings are torn down vast numbers of cats are left behind "to starve, freeze, or be crushed to death in the demolition process. Cat workers in one recently razed six-block area estimate that over 400 cats were left homeless in this small space."

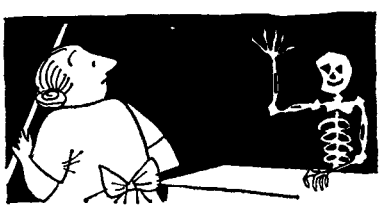
The League has a sort of Peace Corps going, and they send out volunteers with food to certain underdeveloped cat districts. But they can't keep up with the problem. They need clerical helpers, transportation, rescue workers, and money. Under-privileged felines are highly susceptible to subversive propaganda in their present condition, and at the rate of 400 every six blocks they may very well bury us. (The organization's address is 245 West 25th Street, New York 1.)

LOYAL READERS: Thank you for your consistent efforts, but please stop sending me the photograph of Greek mogul Onassis looking at the residence of Buster Keaton with a view to purchasing it. The caption: Aristotle Contemplating the Home of Buster.

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE I have refrained from printing until now. Don't write me any more about the prominent Communist named Rudolph who announced it was raining. When contradicted by his wife, he sternly replied, "Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear."

A NEW WAY of learning is the twelve-inch long-playing "Hear How" instructional record. "You simply turn on your phonograph and relax in the comfort of your home while you listen and learn," goes the spiel. Not only can you pick up conversational French or German but you can also study touch typing and bridge. There is a "Hear How to Be a Better Bowler," which may be hard on the living room furniture. Yankee Manager Ralph Houk narrates "Hear How to Play Better Baseball." You can hear how to ski dive, fish, golf, and train your dog. There's a "Hear How to Achieve Sexual Harmony in Marriage" and "Hear How to Tell Your Children the Facts of Life."

I hope the series doesn't stop there. I'd like to play a "Hear How to Clean Cold Oatmeal from the Saucepan," "Hear How to Post a Letter Without Jiggling the Mailbox Slot," and "Hear How to Let the Telephone Ring Without Answering It." There are probably a lot of other fine instructional record ideas. Got any?



ABOUT A YEAR AGO the Johns Hopkins Press put out a scale model of the human skeleton. It's a foot and a half high, an articulated polyethylene structure that looks and feels like real bone. The supervisor of science education of an Eastern state kept one in his office until about a week before Halloween when he came to work one morning an found a note that said:

"Dear Dr. B: Would it be asking too much to please put the 'Specimen' away which is on the bookshelf. I work at night here and it bothers me. You

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BETTER SERVICE BEGINS WITH A THOROUGH PLAN. And at Western Electric, planning for our customers, the Bell Telephone companies, begins with Systems Equipment engineers. First, they help ascertain the required capabilites of a new Bell Telephone central office. Then, working with detailed data on all equipment Western Electric makes for the Bell network, they determine the precise combination of equipment that will fill the particular central office needs. ■ Prime responsibility: making certain that all the parts work compatibly with the rest of the Bell network so that you can reach any of the Bell System's 65 million telephones. These W. E. engineers also must determine what equipment is to be added to or adapted for existing telephone central offices in order to meet increasing needs. ■ Together with Western Electric manufacturing and other service functions such as installation and distribution, Systems Equipment Engineering helps the Bell System provide the world's finest communications at the lowest possible cost.

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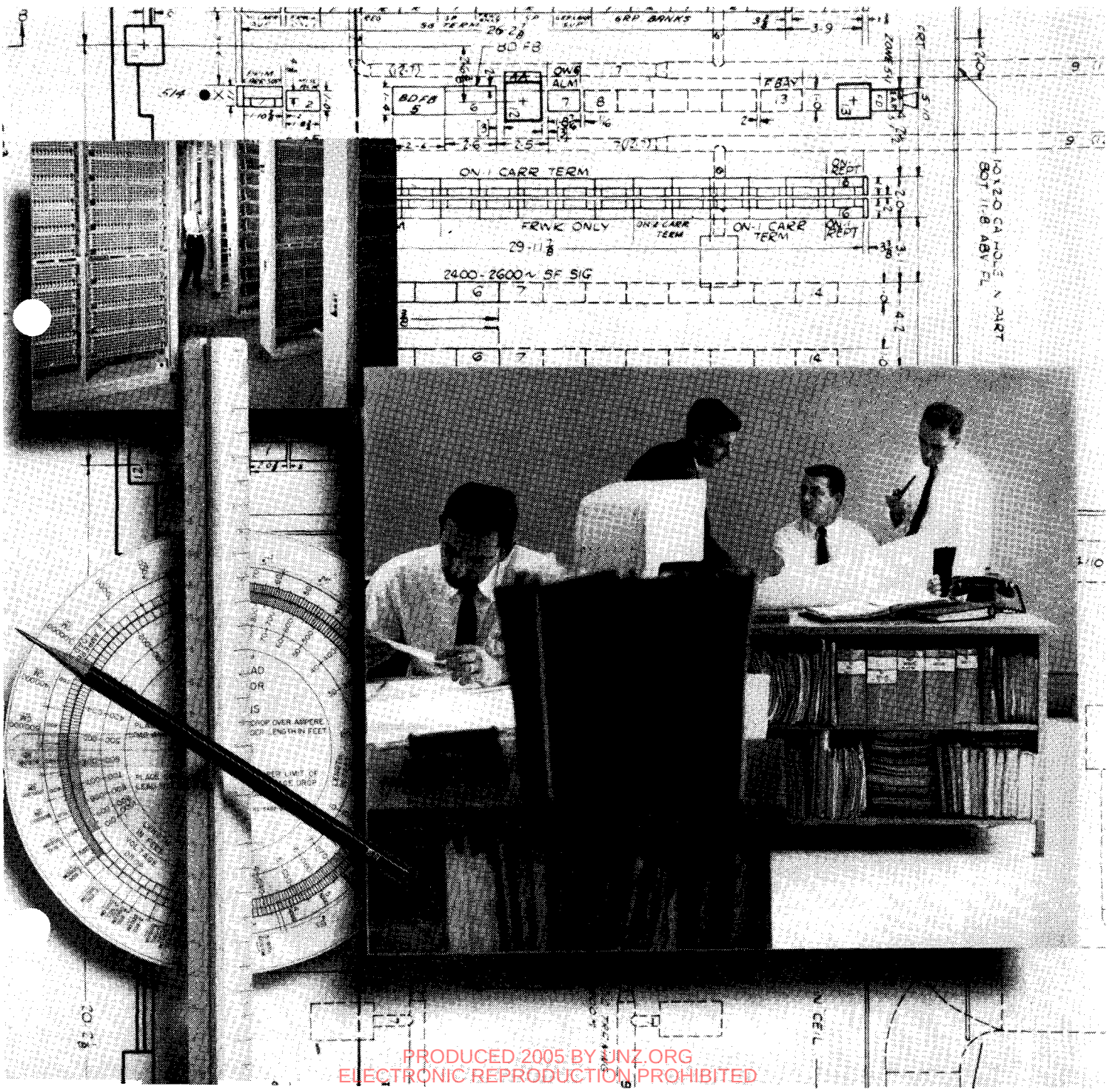

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THE GREAT WHITE WINE OF BROLIO CASTLE

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Baron Ricasoli's
BROLIO BIANCO
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could always bring it back out at daytime. Thank you. The Cleaning Lady."

A NEWLY PUBLISHED Doubleday novel has aroused some reviewers. "Most libraries would not wish to make this book available to the young people who might be interested," declared *Library Journal*. Others made such comments as: "Enough to give many a parent second pause" and "conveys perfectly the temper of our sick age" and "completely amoral" and "leaves a sad, sick feeling in the heart."

Who wrote "Short Pleasures," this first novel that stirred up horrified responses? Harold Robbins? Mailer's younger brother? A real beatnik? No, a sweet thing named Anne Bernays who has three good children and who lives on a quiet professorial street 100 yards from the Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge. She is the daughter of public relations counselor Edward L. Bernays and the grand-niece of Sigmund Freud. Her acquaintances believe she is well adjusted. (But, most of them don't know she's written a book.)

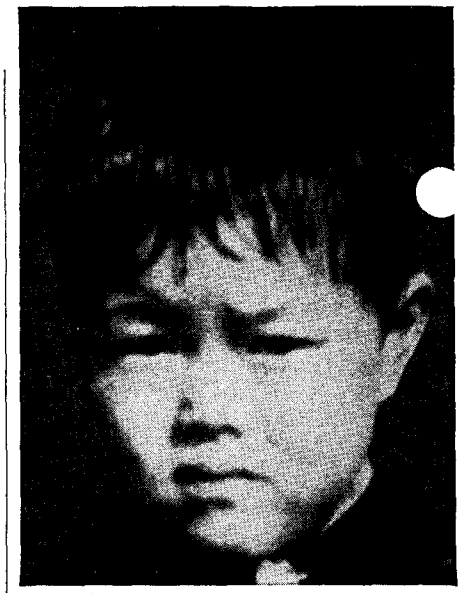
A FEW WEEKS ago I said that "Four Great Battles of World War II," by Andrew Rooney, was a very good book. I then received this note from the author:

"Considering my pleasure over your having mentioned my book at all, try to imagine the happiness that would have been mine had you called it by its right name.

"But that's the way things have gone with 'The Fortunes of War.' It was published September 6 and I spent several sleepless nights worrying over what the Sunday book review sections would have to say about it. I need not have given it a first thought. It has never been mentioned in the Sunday *Times* or the *Tribune* in New York.

"Friends have been what they must have thought was nice to me. They say, 'Your book looks great, Andy.' I appreciate the position of someone who has to make a comment about something they have not read, but I wish they'd realize that I had nothing to do with what the book looks like. It and the jacket were designed by Betty Binns.

"One of the pleasures of writing a book is seeing it on shelves or displayed in bookstores. Doubleday at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue has 'The Fortunes of War' hidden on the bottom shelf under the art books, between 'The Vanishing Landscape' and 'The Art of Making Paper Flowers.' They have one copy and it has remained unsold. It occurred to me, hopefully, that they were only bringing one at a time from the stockroom as the copy on the floor was sold, but I made an unobtrusive pencil mark



Boo Nam is no longer hungry

Having enough to eat is still a miracle to Boo Nam and his family. All their lives they have faced the "starvation period" whose spectre haunts Korea every year. Spring floods. Summer drought. Meager harvests. So many mouths to feed.

Then the "miracle" happened. Through Save the Children Federation, Boo Nam and his father learned that a family in America wanted to help them. This family's contribution enabled Boo Nam's father to obtain certified seed potatoes—a new crop for Korea. He planted [illegible] potatoes and then, encouraged by [illegible] Federation's counselor, worked with the other villagers to enlarge the reservoir so there would be enough water all year.

When the next "starvation period" arrived, it held no terror for Boo Nam and his family. The new potato crop supplemented their regular diet of rice and brought in additional income.

The miracle of friendship gave this family hope. It filled their hearts with pride. They like that feeling. They like Americans.

There are many children in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika and France who need help. Your contribution can perform a "miracle" like the one in Boo Nam's life.

Will you be a miracle worker in the life of a child?

SCF

Save The Children Federation
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to make a gift to the Self-Help work of Save the Children Federation.

I enclose ☐ $5, ☐ $10, ☐ $25, $_____

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in the copy there and this turns out to be untrue.

"There have been a few bright spots. P ert B. Kirch in the Los Angeles s called it 'one of the finest pieces of writing on war I have ever read.' Naturally, I was happy about this, but someone calls every war book one of the best ever written and Mr. Kirsch happens to be mine, I guess."

Andy had his tongue in his cheek part of the way through that letter. "The Fortunes of War," incidentally, is the December selection of the History Book Club.

SHARPS AND FLATS: For dull reading it's hard to beat college football programs.

►When Edwin Dudley quoted "I love my wife, but oh, Euclid" to his North Haven (Conn.) High School math class, one bright student countered with, "I love my secretary, but oh, Udall!"

►Debbie Hamilton writes cynically from Stephens College: "When 3,000 ge students hold a convention at rt Lauderdale it's called a riot. When ,000 adults stage a riot in Atlantic City it's called a convention."

►Elizabeth Jordain's five-year-old returned from Sunday school the other day and announced, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no eagle."

►The first edition of November 13's *New York Times* had a story from Moscow about the virgin agricultural areas of Kazakhstan and how they had failed once more to fulfill the grain delivery plan. The headline said: Soviet Virgin Lands Short of Goal Again. (They changed it in later editions.)

►Speaking of typos, a recent holiday ad for Jacobson's Children's Shops in the Royal Oak, Michigan, paper exhorted parents to bring their youngsters for a "visit with Satan and his helpers."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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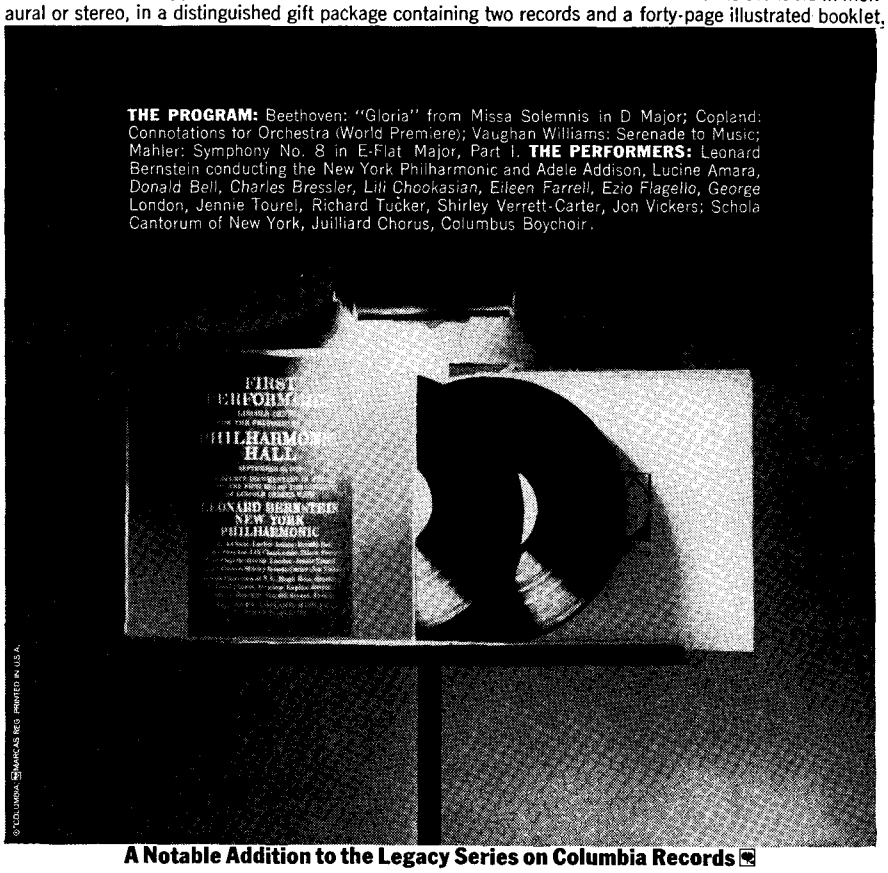
THE PROGRAM: Beethoven: "Gloria" from Missa Solemnis in D Major; Copland: Connotations for Orchestra (World Premiere); Vaughan Williams: Serenade to Music; Mahler: Symphony No. 8 in E-Flat Major, Part I. THE PERFORMERS: Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic and Adele Addison, Lucine Amara, Donald Bell, Charles Bressler, Lili Chookasian, Eileen Farrell, Ezio Flagello, George London, Jennie Tourel, Richard Tucker, Shirley Verrett-Carter, Jon Vickers; Schola Cantorum of New York, Juilliard Chorus, Columbus Boychoir.
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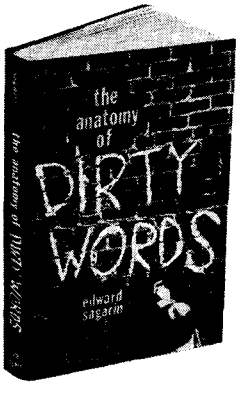

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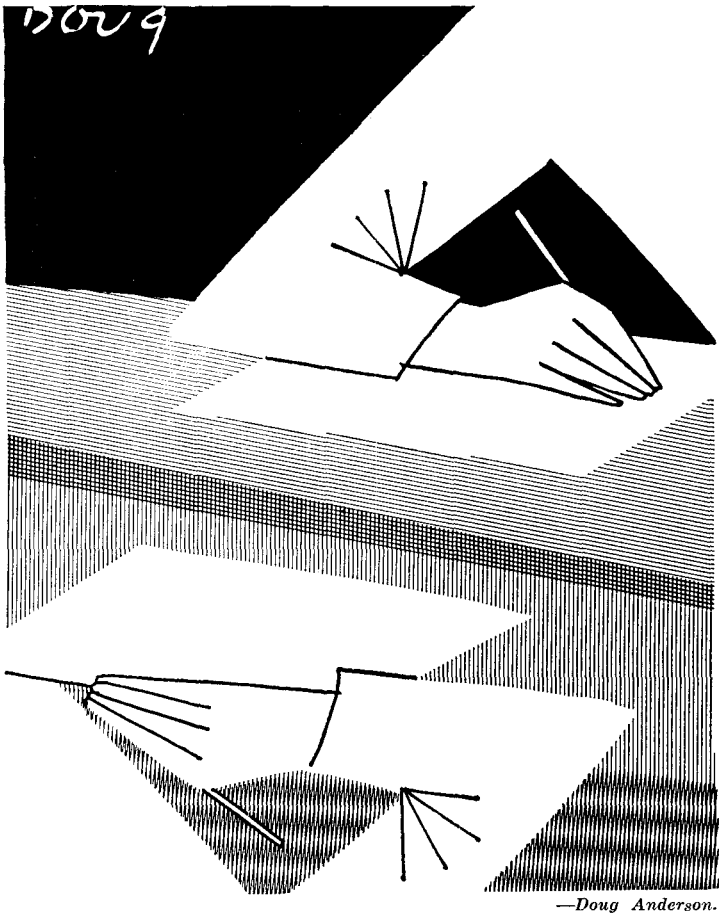
Saturday Review
DECEMBER 15, 1962

ON WRITING AND BAD WRITING



—Doug Anderson.

By JOHN CIARDI

EVERY writer sooner or later is tempted into some sort of generalization about his art, craft, business, or whatever he chooses to call the act that takes place between him and his supply of blank paper. Those writers who have been tempted into trying to teach writing classes are not so much tempted as forced.

"How do I learn to write?" says the novice. No question could be more useless. It is almost certain (perhaps not quite) that anyone who insists upon asking it that way will never find the answer. It is a naïve question. It is a stupid one. Yet is uncomfortably central to the man who has let himself be talked into making his living by hoping that he can help another human being to become a writer.

Perhaps it is good for honest men to be badgered by the innocent, ignorant, and yet primary question. If confusion is bound to follow, praise all that sends honest men honestly to their confusions. Some things—perhaps all matters of ultimate meaning—have to live outside of ironclad conviction. Writing, as I understand it, is a mortal seeking. I no longer try to teach it, but certainly any student who ever brought full-blown certainties into my classroom was invited to leave.

I think it was Bernard DeVoto who pointed out that the best reason for putting anything down on paper is that one may then change it. His remark not only suggests one sound theory of writing but identifies the writing process as a groping one. There is no end to that groping process, but in time the good writer will acquire not only a sense of *groping for* but a sense of having *groped to*: he begins to know when he has finally reached whatever he was reaching for.

Ideally, there can be no real end to that groping. To reread is to revise. In the world as it is, however, one has to leave the writing at some point: either that or stay with it forever and never get on to anything else. One gropes for, and then in hope and despair, lets himself believe that he has groped *to* it as well as he will ever be able to. But however it goes, it goes by feel, and it is up to every writer to learn his own feel for it. Only he can guess out, finally, his own sense of it.

For no man who writes seriously, and by seriously I mean as a way of life, will write in any but his own way. His way of life is, in fact, to find just his own way of writing—whatever way most nearly informs for him the emotions of experiencing this world.

A good teacher of writing ("writing coach" might be a better title) should be able to teach a bright student to write almost like Dickens, or almost like John Donne, or almost like Emerson. But it would be only almost; the same almost that unkindled wood is to the fire it could release if ignited. Any number of semipolished surfaces, and even plain brick, can reflect fire. The starting need of the writer is to be himself the tinder.

If he is that tinder, any library is full of sparks, and almost any teac' could be his Prometheus. The hope beginner can burst into flame at the touch of any admired piece of writing. The good writer can blaze at the touch of any mortally glowing experience. But they must first be flammable. No amount of instruction will teach damp souls to dry themselves and to burn. And it seems also to be true that no writer really blazes until he has learned —which is to say, until he has found for himself—how to write as no one else does, to write in his own way.

But where does the would-be writer begin?

The first answer is easy: Because he is a human being and because he is sensitive to the joy and distress of that condition, he is moved to speak his feelings.

But if that is all he has to move him, it is not enough. If the human passion is first, it must yet be joined by an equal passion for the medium before good writing can happen. The writer is a man overpowered by words, sentences, rhythms, ideas, the drama of ideas when there are lives moving in them, and the forms he can shape from his medium. Language haunts h' Words, sentences, rhythms are n things to him; they are presences. The presence of his medium makes him feel more than he really knows how to think or say. He knows that he is wiser,

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richer, more perceptive, more sentient when he is immersed in his medium than he can hope to be when he is high and dry in ideas and presences that he can identify and talk about with clear and pedagogical coherence. His medium is a gorgeous confusion upon him and a gorgeous flowering of all possibility. It is his house of great ghosts.

No teacher can hope to build for the student that haunted house of the mortally excited talent and self. The good teacher recognizes the real excitement when he sees it. He can encourage it as one encourages a fire by poking, prodding, and blowing on it. But it is dangerous for any teacher to let himself think that the fire is his doing. At best, the teacher may strike the match. But the match must then fall into the all-blazing possibility of soul-tinder.

One of the troubles with beginning writers is that they are almost certain to blaze out of control. Often it is the teacher's job to squirt a little water here and there. For the object is to heat and to illuminate the house, not to burn it down. And the only way to achieve that object is to keep the fire where it belongs—in the fireplace. The act of distinguishing between the logs of the fireplace and the walls of the house is called criticism, and I am tempted to claim that any fires that have been put out as a result of the act of criticism should never have been started.

For writing involves containment. Like all art, it takes place within limits. If writing is thought of as the fire of the soul—and let this be the end of the incendiary metaphor—it must remain within the iron limits of the grate. If it is thought of as happening within a frame, the frame may be hacked at by a true genius (and only by a true genius) but it must not be broken by any man. Writing, like all art, is a formality. The writing cannot be made to take the place of the world. The world will remain in its own sprawl.

Whatever you mean by reality, writing is not it. Writing selects from the unknown reality of things, and, by selecting, it makes known. Writing is a heightening, an excerption, an organic digression from its own beginning, an ordering, perhaps only a moment's ordering; whatever it is, it remains that glimpse through a frame that no man may live in but that the best of men must live toward. What else did Omar mean by citing to Love "this sorry scheme of things" in the dream that he and Love might "shatter it to bits—and then/ Remold it nearer to the heart's desire"? Art has no other function.

What then? What does one tell would-be writers—as if he himself knew? Granting that there are no certainties, that all must be groped for, that there is no teaching of writing but only the coaching one can give to self-learners—is there no useful generalization?

I am inclined to offer one above all others and that is *that the badness of bad writing is never visible to the writer.* I offer that as a generalization and not as a truth, for it is not always but only sometimes true. Nevertheless it is usually true. And it seems always to be true of bad writers on their way to being hopeless writers.

CONCEIVABLY a man could try to write with all his mortal passion, and write badly, and still retain enough taste and detachment to *know* that he is writing badly. In the exhaustions of honesty, such a man invariably gives up the effort, finds some way of making a living and, having found his living, probably becomes an excellent reader, made the more sensitive to the writing by his own sad sense of failure; as perhaps a man of exquisite ear but badly coordinated muscles may have dreamed of playing the cello but could never make his arms and fingers produce what his ear dreamed of hearing. Such men, however, are rare, for it takes a man of rare taste to recognize his failure against all the promptings of the ego that allow the tasteless to go on producing—and cherishing—miserable stuff.

My generalization is once more likely to be untrue of hopeful writers on their way to being good writers. *A writer can, in fact, develop only as rapidly as he learns to recognize what is bad in his writing.* If a man means his writing seriously he must mean to write well. But how can he write well until he learns to see what he has written badly? His progress toward good writing and his recognition of bad writing are bound to unfold at something like the same rate. Give me the young writer who is ashamed this week—really and perceptively ashamed—of what he wrote last week, and I will take him as my example of hope. Not all hopes can be realized, but the young writer's ardent dissatisfaction with his best efforts of a while back is certainly the most hopeful sign I can think to look for.

Any man can write a bad story or a bad poem. Having written it, one man may stay in love with it forever, and another may burn it in anguish when he rereads it. Where can hope be, in this case, but with the arsonist? Whether or not he can itemize the causes of the badness, he has learned that it is bad. All human chance is that he will not fall back into that particular kind of badness, or not, at least, for long.

Conversely, how can the man who goes on cherishing his bad writing hope to write better? How can he refuse badness until he grows to recognize it? What can any one teach him, or help him to learn? There are plenty of writing coaches who can read a manuscript and identify and analyze specific kinds of badness and point them out to the writer. Hundreds of such writing coaches are built into our college faculties these days. Many such are themselves good writers. But even the best of them can only point out what is bad. If the would-be writer cannot see, nothing follows.

As Poetry Editor of *SR* I have systematically refused to enter into personal criticisms of manuscripts submitted to us, unless, that is, I was seriously considering them for publication. I have refused for many reasons, including the statistical one that I receive more such requests in a week than I could honor in a year. But the reason above all others is that in practically all cases such criticism would be pointless. Right or wrong, I think I can identify the badness of most of the poems submitted to us, and that I can, within reasonable limits, point out the

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

—Francis Bacon

"The next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing."

—Benjamin Franklin

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance,
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

—Alexander Pope

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sources of that badness. But the bad writers will not see the badness of their own writing even if it is pointed out. There are, heaven knows, understandable human reasons for that blindness. Even bad writing is likely to be powered by intense emotion. Feeling himself so moved, the bad writer is easily self-persuaded to take the power of his starting emotion as the measure of his writing. Consequently he sees only what he intended to write, what he was moved to write. *He never sees what he has actually written.*

Such a one is the entirely hopeless writer and he is usually given to assaults upon the largest possible subjects. In mildest moments he is satisfied with stating the ultimate truth about childhood, grandma, the flag, the bomb, and nature's inner meaning. In full flight he settles for nothing less than hortatory statements about the universe and its intentions. He feels hugely (and grossly) about these subjects, and secure in those feelings, he is sure that he has written hugely—and grossly. As, alas, he has.

But all he ever has in sight is his starting passion. *He does not see the writing because, in plain fact, he cares nothing about it.* He is out for release, not for containment. He is a self-expresser, not a maker.

As such, he can probably find encouragement in the adult-kindergartens of what used to be called progressive education, but he is mistaken to look for it in the criticisms of a good teacher. For such a writer my starting maxim is always true: the badness of his writing is forever invisible to him. His blindness, to be sure, is only one of the symptoms of his fixed badness, but it is certainly the central symptom.

Usually such a writer will defend himself fiercely against all criticism. You might wonder why he even asks for it, except that you already know that it wasn't criticism but praise he came for. Whichever it is, you simply avoid giving it to him. You avoid it—and him.

BUT the case is no better with the gentle soul (the seemingly gentle soul?) who accepts all criticism in total meekness only to ignore it completely. The human race has available to it all sorts of ways of losing.

No good teacher will insist that his word is law. He knows he is a groper. He suggests, prods, points out, and hopes to make a contact that will count. His work is pointless if the writer comes to him in a defensive fury, and just as pointless if the writer comes too submissively.

If the would-be writer announces that he knows it is good writing because it is informed by Ultimate Truth, that has to end the discussion. And there is an end to it too, if the would-be writer says blandly, and over and over again, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! How true! How true!"

The hopeful writer may beg off because he is already ashamed of what he passed in for criticism. If he does want the criticism, he will see the point of most of it at once. But the most hopeful response I know is that of the writer who says, "You're probably right, but let me take that away to think about. I need time to feel it ou'

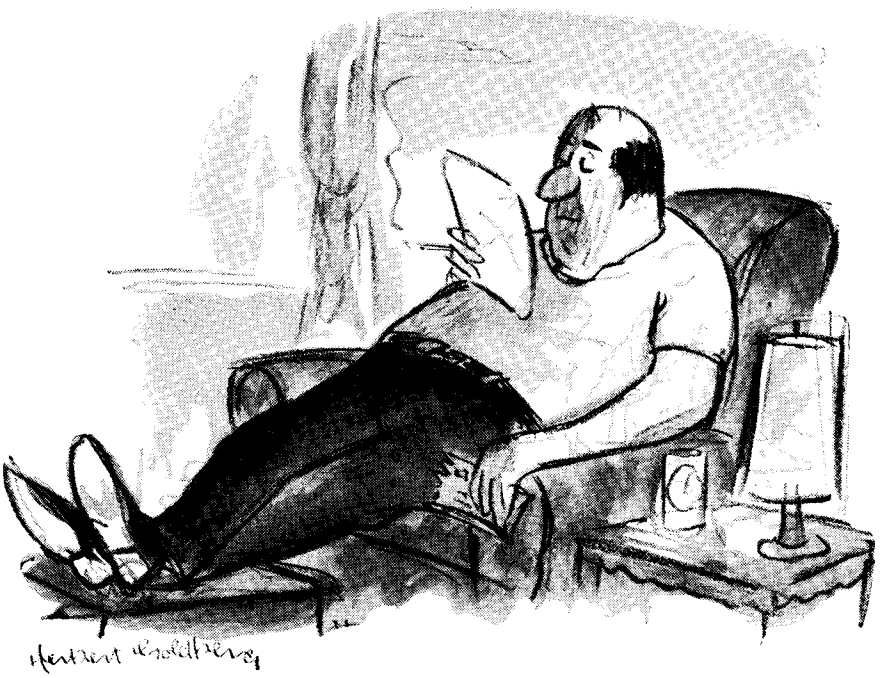
That is the most hopeful respon. because such a writer, even as a beginner, has learned how multiple the writing is, how many auras must be registered in arriving at his own sense of the light, and because no criticism is really to his purpose until he has registered it upon his own sense of the light—until he has felt it out for himself.

That man is going back to look at the writing and to think about it. And he is the one, I suspect, who will manage to see it. If it is bad he will see its badness (for him) and he will learn from it. He is not simply taking criticism, he is receiving it. And each perception so received is being built into him—wired into him, so to speak, as one more circuit of sensitivity in the infinite complex of his nervous system. The next time he writes he will have one more awareness going for him.

In time, that complex conditioning, those millions of awarenesses wired into his dendrites, will generate something almost separate from him. Critics call that something "esthetic distance" or "detachment." Whatever it is called, it identifies a central possession of every good writer—the fact tha. he can be passionately committed to what he is writing at the same time that one part of his awareness is detached, calculating, and technical.

That state is neither easily achieved nor easily defined, but it comes close to being a first condition of all good writing, with an exception to be made only for those rare impassioned moments when a genius—which is to say a writer who has disciplined himself without losing the wildness of his talents—pours out, say, a "Kubla Khan" in a moment of what seems to be blind rapture. Is it necessary to argue that even a Coleridge must have the disciplined and essential duplicities of a lifetime to draw upon and to give form to his moment of rapture? I must believe that this world's writing will be put on its page by men who have developed their talents in passionate discipline to that point of doubleness that lets them be passionately in the writing at the same time that their monitoring awarenesses as artists are out of it.

Those awarenesses begin exactly in the writer's ability to see what he has written, in his ability to get outsid the writing, to become its reader a well as its writer, and to learn from what he sees; to learn with every outside assistance he can get from others, but finally to learn from inside himself by learning to see himself.



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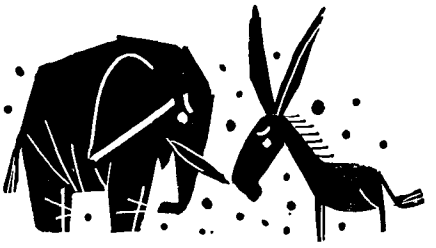
Who Really Won the Elections of '62?



BY ELMO ROPER, *public opinion analyst and an SR Editor-at-Large.*

LIKE astronauts leaving the earth's gravitational field, American voters this year showed a marked indifference to the traditional pulls of party and region. Instead, they showed symptoms of what might be called "political weightlessness," as large numbers of people left traditional political loyalties behind to vote for whichever candidate seemed the best. California elected a Democratic Governor and a Republican Senator. Idaho sent both a Republican and a Democrat to the Senate. The Nebraska delegation to the Congress is solidly Republican, but a Democrat will be sitting in the State House next year. And so on. It has been observed that there were very few traditional 70-30 Democratic wins in the South. Nor were there many traditional 70-30 Republican wins in what used to be considered Republican strongholds in the North. Republicans fared better in the cities than they normally do and Democrats did better than usual in rural areas. This was the year of the ticket splitter, the delight of those who wish to see a thoughtful electorate, and the bane of those who are looking for party trends. What, then, do the 1962 elections mean?

They show, first, that the American voter is becoming increasingly selective. A candidate's credentials are being examined more carefully; no longer are party labels enough to bring voting levers down like a line of wooden soldiers. This has come about for several reasons. It is partly because mass communications and jet-age transportation are making us more truly a *nation*; sectional and regional differences are gradually becoming more faint. It is also, surely, because of our rising educational level. And part of the reason last month may have been that there was neither enough interest in domestic issues nor enough differences on foreign issues to push the voters strongly toward either party, so people were free to vote for *men* rather than parties.

Despite the voter's evident independence of party in this year's voting, the fact that the Democratic loss in the House of Representatives was in the neighborhood of five seats instead of an expected fifteen to twenty seats has been hailed as a Democratic victory. Why? Because it is normal for the party in power to lose more seats in the off-year election. What has been overlooked here is that it is also normal for the victorious incoming President to bring with him an increase of fifteen to twenty members of his party to the House, whereas in 1960 the Democrats actually lost twenty-two seats. Not having picked up the normal fifteen to twenty seats in 1960 they didn't lose the normal fifteen to twenty seats in 1962.

And although the Democrats may have avoided "normal off-year losses" of Congressional seats, they distinctly did not avoid those losses in terms of votes. The Democrats' most recent big year was 1958, when 56.5 per cent of all the votes cast for candidates for the House of Representatives were Democratic. Since a Democratic president was elected in 1960, normal expectation would have been for the Democratic Congressional vote in 1960 to be as high or higher. Instead, the Congressional vote dropped to 55.3 per cent for the Democratic party. This year, according to the latest unofficial figures, the Democratic Congressional vote dropped still lower to 51.9 per cent. Outside the South, the Democrats got 50.3 per cent of the vote, the Republicans 49.7 per cent. On the basis of these figures, the Democratic majority looks slim indeed—and, apparently, headed in the wrong direction.

ARE the 1962 results, then, a defeat for President Kennedy and a repudiation of his policies? I don't think that interpretation can be made, either. There is simply not that close a correlation between sentiments toward the President and Congressional voting results. The off-beat 1962 results indicate that most contests were decided without much reference to the national scene or national policy.

How should the Republican victories, both in the general voting trend and particularly in the gubernatorial elections, be interpreted? They certainly show a growing Republican strength. They also show something else: that even where the Democratic party is dominant, the Republicans can often win, *if* they nominate men of decidedly superior caliber. For example, the smashing Republican victory in New York was no particular reflection on the Democratic party or on President Kennedy. It was simply what might be expected when the Republicans nominated superior candidates and the Democrats, for rather mysterious reasons, didn't nominate the men the reliable polls showed had the most appeal.

Another thing that must be noted about this election is that, in a number of states, it was one of the dirtiest in years. The generally low level of the California gubernatorial election is already notorious; in Kentucky, where the two principals conducted themselves in a gentlemanly manner, the Communist hammer and sickle emblem and the Jewish Star of David were nevertheless placed on billboards featuring the picture of Wilson Wyatt, the Democratic candidate—and an excellent man. The tragedy of such smear campaigns is that they are usually not authorized by either the opposition candidate himself or the party leaders but are more often the work of misguided amateurs. Because they damage good candidates and lower the tone of our national political dialogue, it is also tragic to learn that the one organization dedicated to fighting such underhanded techniques, the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, is about to fold for lack of funds. The Committee has done good work over the nine years since it was founded, in analyzing smear tactics and conducting an educational campaign against them. Enormous sums of money are contributed to political campaigns; money should be forthcoming from somewhere to help the committee raise the level of these campaigns.

What do the 1962 elections indicate for 1964?

1. The initial advantage President Kennedy will have in running as a Democrat is less than it has been for years and is likely to be less important than the advantage of his being the incumbent. His own personal record in the next two years will be more important than either.

2. The public is in a mood to elect exceptional Republicans wherever it finds them.

3. At least to the residents of their own states, Republicans Nelson Rockefeller, Jacob Javits, William Scranton, George Romney, Thomas Kuchel, and Mark Hatfield amply qualify as "exceptional men"—and that fact alone puts them in the national spotlight.

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Talking to the Russians: Part 3

TWICE in this space recently, we have discussed various aspects of the recent conference between prominent American and Soviet citizens at Andover, Massachusetts. We turn now to the matter of informal talks away from the regular sessions.

The Soviet visitors, many of whom were seeing the United States for the first time, were endlessly fascinated by life in America. That it was different from their preconceived notions was clear enough.

"Yes, things in America are not as we expected," a member of the Russian delegation observed. "The people here are gentle, friendly, home-loving, and honest."

"What had you expected?" we asked.

"I'm not sure," he replied. "I suppose I expected people to be tense, short-tempered, and, to be candid, rather crude and belligerent. Do you know, I haven't seen a single fist fight in the streets or in the inn since we arrived. Nor have I seen a single drunk. And your young women are modest in manner and dress and not at all cheap."

"Where did you get such ideas?" we inquired.

"I got them from your movies and magazines and books," he said. "Why do your playwrights and authors insist on slandering your great country? Almost every motion picture we see about the United States does serious discredit and harm to your people. You are made to seem very vulgar and materialistic, as though you had no interest in the deeper things of life, which I now know is not true. Everyone in the movies seems to be stealing from the next fellow—either his money or his job or his wife. And everybody seems to be only a straw away from punching the next man in the face. A terrible business—and all so untrue. Why do they do it?

"I read as many books about America as I can find," he continued, "they are far more responsible, of course, than your movies, but I still think the writers of these books do not do justice to your country and its people. Your writers make it appear that the United States is filled with people who are neurotic or over-sexed or who suffer from infantile emotions.

"It is not at all like that, and it should make the decent people of your country very angry. I just can't understand why you permit this sort of thing to happen. One of the first things I did after I arrived in New York and got cleaned up at the hotel was to go for a walk. On the corner, I saw an open-air store—I think you call it a newsstand. There seemed to be hundreds of magazines on display. Please do not think me critical, but most of those magazines were outrageously indecent. It creates the impression that the only things the American people are interested in are violence, drunkennness, and cheap women. It didn't take me long to find out that this is not the case. But I still don't understand why so much of your printed material, like your movies, should glorify the worst things about America and not your best.

"As I say, these are the things that bewilder me about the United States. How do you explain them? Frankly, I would like to know."

I said, first of all, that I was glad he was now having this opportunity to see the United States and its people at first hand, because nothing was more difficult abroad than to convince people —not just Russians but people everywhere who had never been to America —that life in this country was not at all what it was made to appear to be. The movies were clearly the worst sinners in this respect—not as much of a problem perhaps as they were ten years ago, but still the number one source of misinformation, distortion, and defamation. But it would be equally difficult to say that many of our books and magazines gave a fair reflection of life in the United States. And there were many Americans who were outraged by the constant emphasis on casual violence in pictures and print.

Yet most Americans believed, I added, that the obvious correctives would, if anything, be even worse than the abuses. If motion-picture producers, publishers, editors, and writers were ordered, arbitrarily or by law, to avoid misrepresentation or distortion, then the result would be totally unacceptable. Americans wouldn't trust their own government to operate a system of censorship or control—even for the purpose of protecting their country's good name. Words and ideas, unlike meat and drugs, cannot be inspected for public consumption. The certain danger is that, in the attempt to guard against what is undesirable, the government will try to define what is desirable. And the moment a government is given the power to proclaim correctness in ideas, that power becomes a monopoly, the unhappy ramifications of which will extend into almost every aspect of life.

In any event, I suggested to the Soviet delegate, it would be a serious mistake to assume that *all* motion pictures or books or magazines were committed to the proposition that Americans were crude, cruel, callous, culture-hating, neurotic, sexually obsessed, or irresponsible. A very impressive list, both in size and substance, could be drawn up of films or publications or books which provide a balanced, representative account of life in America. Certainly our Soviet visitors' favorable first-hand impressions would be amply confirmed by the works appearing on such a list.

In any case, I was glad the question had been raised for it was a reminder that the principal problem confronting the image of America abroad is caused not just by hostile propaganda but by the limited and damaging view Americans take of themselves. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRICE OF EQUALITY

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S critique of the FCC rule on radio and TV appearances by political candidates [*SR*, Nov. 17] is absolutely correct. By forcing broadcasters to give "equal opportunities" to cranks and publicity-hunters, as well as to bona fide aspirants to office, Section 315 of the Communications Act presents station owners with an agonizing choice. They can achieve pure "equality" among candidates by simply barring all political debate during the campaign season. Under such a policy, however, they would neglect their duty to operate "in the public interest" (another FCC requirement). Or the stations can fill their air with the voices of dozens of people who might not even have bothered to file for office if 315 had not given them, in effect, a free pass to the airwaves.

Broadcasters object to these campaign freeloaders because they impose upon the attention of listeners who want to hear from serious candidates. Section 315 thus dilutes the usefulness of radio and TV as a means of informing the electorate.

Certainly radio and TV stations should inform their audiences about the absurdities of 315 as applied currently by the [illegible]. But Mr. Shayon's implication that the entire industry failed in this obligation surprises me. WMCA, the station which I serve in New York, decidedly did take its listeners into its confidence on our "equal opportunity" dealings with the FCC.

In our case, the demand for air time was made to the FCC by a candidate who eventually (and predictably) polled a fraction of 1 per cent of the total vote for Governor. He had declined our previous offer of air time, insisting on his own terms for the format of the program. The FCC ruled in his favor, and we complied.

But our audience was not left in the dark. WMCA's "Barry Gray Show" devoted one and one-half hours to a discussion of the Communications Act by representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties and two members of the bar concerned with broadcasting law.

My own feelings on 315 are similar to those expressed by Mr. Shayon. Intended to broaden the field of political debate, the rule actually works in the opposite direction.

As Mr. Shayon rightly insists, this is not only our problem as broadcasters. It's the problem of the listening and viewing audiences.

R. PETER STRAUS,
Straus Broadcasting Group.

New York, N.Y.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

IN REVIEWING "The Great White Way," by Allen Churchill [*SR*, Nov. 24] Stephen Draper must have neglected to read the second paragraph in the book in which the author states that "Florodora is the name of the famous musical comedy—though a million misspellings over years to come will try desperately to persuade the world that it is really 'Floradora'."

Mr. Draper helps perpetuate this prediction.

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N.Y.

FAIR EMPLOYMENT

I WISH TO EXPRESS my personal thanks to Robert Lewis Shayon for airing the problem of Negroes in radio and television [*SR*, Nov. 24]. I believe he has taken just about every pertinent aspect of the problem into consideration and said what should have been said.

I am grateful to Mr. Shayon for his interest in the problem of fair employment practices in radio and television. I am certain that he also has the thanks of many Negro actors and actresses. . . .

HOYT W. FULLER,
Managing Editor,
Negro Digest.

Chicago, Ill.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS?

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT America is the way citizens form organizations to accomplish important purposes. For example, CARE, SANE, NAACP, UWF, SPCA, etc.

I have just joined a new group which promises to be even larger and more fun than any of the foregoing organizations. The initials are OHIHJC—that is, "Oh, How I Hate John Ciardi." Anyone can

IS THERE A JOHN CIARDI?

FOR YEARS I'VE been reading attacks on John Ciardi in *SR*. Now that I've heard him lecture locally, I can say that these attacks have never really addressed themselves to what's really wrong with the man. I know now and I will tell.

The other night, John Ciardi spoke in Fullerton, near Los Angeles. When he came on stage, I refused to believe it was Ciardi. He didn't look the way John Ciardi should look. He didn't look the way I wanted him to look. What I mean is, he didn't look like a poet. What did I expect? I expected someone with a high and noble brow, with a dainty and delicate frame, perhaps even wan and wispy. I wanted someone I could mother.

What did I get? I got the hairy sheriff of "Gunsmoke." Either that or a handsome wrestler on television, or a fellow who stepped off the paperback jacket of a book on hunting in greenest Africa by Ernest Hemingway.

Now, what I want to know is: Is this whole thing a gag? Is this really John Ciardi, or has the editor of *SR*, who has a certain reputation for pranks, invented the whole thing?

ELIZABETH BENSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes, Elizabeth, there is a John Ciardi. How many readers can pick him out of the literary line-up?* (*Identifications on page* 23).

1 2 3 4 5

The Face of the Poet; which one belongs to John Ciardi?

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start a chapter in his own community. Just get together the people in your neighborhood who jump up and down in rage whenever they read Mr. Ciardi's column in *SR*.

I find that when I jump in unison with others it's much easier to discharge my wrath. Besides, association for a good purpose is one of the highest forms of Americanism. Try it. Do not be a lonely Ciardi hater. Somewhere in your own community—who knows, perhaps right next door—you will find someone whose animus can be linked to your own.

One more thing: Do not ever, ever, ever, let Ciardi go. He is the nation's No. 1 cure for boredom. I may hate him, but he is my pet hate. Please take good care of him.

RICHARD O'DONNELL.

New York, N.Y.

D (FOR DIRECTORS) DAY

IN HOLLIS ALPERT's of "The Longest Day" he brought up the question of why I did not take screen credit as a director on the film when I had previously stated that I had directed 65 per cent of the film.

I withdrew my name as director because on reflection it seemed to me that I would be minimizing the directorial contributions of Andrew Marton, Bernhard Wicki, and Kenneth Annakin. Actually, the fourth director was Elmo Williams, but since he was also my associate producer on the film, we decided to withdraw voluntarily and communicated our wishes to the Screen Directors Guild. The above is a matter of record.

As a matter of fact, it so happened that I directed all of the American episodes but I also directed four of the German episodes and two French episodes. It also happened that Mr. Wicki, who did most of the German episodes, also did two French episodes, and Mr. Annakin, who directed most of the British scenes, also did one German episode and one French episode. Marton and Williams worked primarily with me on the battle episodes. You must remember that, at one time, I had four episodes going at once on four different locations, but when we settled down to the interiors at the studio I took over the direction of all these episodes because (fortunately or unfortunately) I was the only one that had a complete knowledge of what the other directors had been doing.

I started out doing the exteriors with Fonda in Normandy and then the sequences with him at the studio. I did all of the sequences with John Wayne, Red Buttons, Richard Beymer, Richard Burton, etc.

In any event, it was a united effort and, according to the reception the film has received everywhere it has opened, in the United States or in Europe, there is enough "glory" for all concerned. . . .

DARRYL F. ZANUCK.

New York, N.Y.

MORE ON "CALORIES DON'T COUNT"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week, M. Lincoln Schuster and Peter Schwed, President and Executive Vice-President of Simon and Schuster Inc., defended their firm against statements made in SR the preceding week in the article, "The Strange Case of 'Calories Don't Count,'" by R. W. Apple, Jr. The following letter is by Richard L. Grossman, formerly an executive of Simon and Schuster, who was prominently mentioned by Mr. Apple in connection with the publication of "Calories Don't Count." Mr. Apple's reply to all three letters follows the letter from Mr. Grossman.*

IT TAKES LONGER to step off a penalty than to commit a foul, and more space to refute a libel than to utter it. I cannot, therefore, hope to correct, in the space you allow me, the errors in Mr. Apple's article "The Strange Case of Calories Don't Count" [*SR*, Nov. 24]. A brief recital of some of the facts with which he tampers may, however, serve to show your readers that Mr. Apple's article—in more respects than can be treated within the confines of this letter—is not to be credited

First, a remarkable feature of Mr. Apple's journalistic method should be noted. He never sought to interview me. He wrote an article in which I play one of the principal roles without ever asking me for information or checking at the most obvious source any of the statements he proposed to make about me. This reluctance to perform the most elementary function of a reporter reveals his attitude. The article uses phrases such as, "Grossman, as far as I (Apple) know . . ." Mr. Apple could have made his knowledge more secure, or on the other hand found that indeed he did not know, by interviewing me. He chose not to.

The article refers to me as "not primarily an editor," the implication being that this was not a book put out in the regular course of Simon and Schuster publishing. Although as a vice-president at Simon and Schuster my duties included supervision of advertising and publicity, an equal part of my time was spent working as an editor.

Mr. Apple's description of my sending page proofs to Mr. Kenneth Beirn is incomplete. Shortly before I left for Europe, Dr. Taller told me that there had come to his attention certain capsules which he regarded as a "blessing," since many of his patients found liquid oil hard to take. He mentioned no company or brand name He asked me to send page proofs to M. Beirn, a friend of his familiar with the capsules and their specifications. I had never heard of Mr. Beirn, and my total contact with him has been one telephone conversation. But it is common practice for an author to ask that proofs be sent

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULAR LADIES

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here some famous titles (prose, poetry, drama), each of which is the name of the heroine. Can you match these with their authors, whose names appear in the second column? Answers on page 63.

1. "Andromeda"	( ) Aristophanes
2. "Candida"	( ) Jane Austen
3. "Catherine"	( ) Charlotte Brontë
4. "Christabel"	( ) Robert Browning
5. "Diana"	( ) Fanny Burney
6. "Electra"	( ) S. T. Coleridge
7. "Emma"	( ) Benjamin Disraeli
8. "Esther"	( ) George Eliot
9. "Evalina"	( ) Euripides
10. "Evangeline"	( ) Irene Fekete
11. "Lilith"	( ) Jean Giraudoux
12. "Lolita"	( ) Helen Hunt Jackson
13. "Louisa"	( ) Charles Kingsley
14. "Lysistrata"	( ) Henry W. Longfellow
15. "Maud"	( ) Jorge de Montemayor
16. "Medea"	( ) Vladimir Nabokov
17. "Nana"	( ) Jean Racine
18. "Pamela"	( ) Samuel Richardson
19. "Pauline"	( ) J. R. Salamanca
20. "Ramona"	( ) Anne Seward
21. "Romola"	( ) G. B. Shaw
22. "Shirley"	( ) Alfred Tennyson
23. "Sybil"	( ) W. M. Thackeray
24. "Vanessa"	( ) Hugh Walpole
25. "Zandra"	( ) Emile Zola

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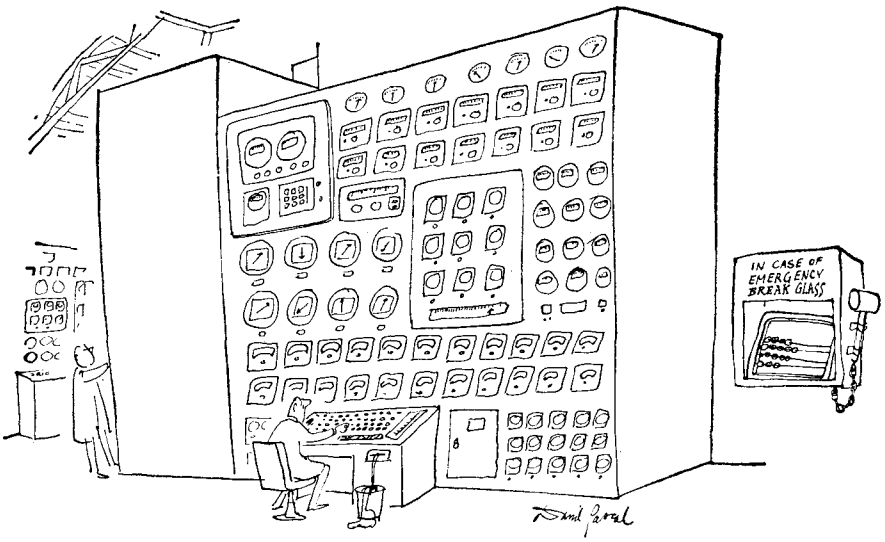

to friends and others outside the publishing house who might have suggestions.

Mr. Apple quotes a portion of Miss Kneerim's letter without explaining the context in which it was written and without quoting my answering letter. And Mr. Apple's chronology is strange. He goes directly from Miss Kneerim's letter, which was written on July 22, to events which he does not date. These events occurred at the end of October. The juxtaposition is of course misleading. One result is that my general interest in the possibility of investing in companies producing safflower oil is confused with a non-existent specific interest in promoting the stock of Cove Vitamins. My work with the manuscript had engendered the thought long before I had heard of the capsules that safflower oil, a new food product, might become important economically, particularly as a margarine and salad oil ingredient; the stock of a company that began to manufacture safflower products might rise in price. In my telephone conversation with Mr. Beirn (whom, as an official of General Development, I assumed to be knowledgeable) I asked him specifically about Lever Brothers and Pacific Vegetable Oil, and not about Cove Vitamins, of which I had not then heard. You will recognize the thinking of an outsider, a small-scale investor in common stocks who had an idea, which he wanted to check, about the growth of a new market. Hence the reference to "investment advice" in Miss Kneerim's letter. This is confirmed in my reply, the reply that Mr. Apple neglects to quote. As one of a number of items in the letter, I wrote:

> "You might ask Beirn if that pharmaceutical house is a publicly held company. If so, tell SM (Samuel Meyerson, with whom I shared such information about stocks as I had) et al and call Don Elliott-Smith (my broker) and they will investigate."

This could not conceivably be the letter of an insider, a member of a group using a book to promote a stock.

As to that part of Miss Kneerim's letter which asks about a commitment, my answer was quite clear. I wrote:

> "I have no commitment. . . ."

Although my answering letter is part of the file that contains Miss Kneerim's letter, Mr. Apple apparently sees no breach of journalistic ethics in quoting the one and ignoring the other.

As to the purchase of CDC stock that never took place, Mr. Apple says: "Later Grossman reconsidered and got his $750 back." He omits to say that "later" was a matter of days. I sent the check for the down payment during the last week in October, 1961; I asked to have it back before the middle of November. This was long before there was any hint that the history of the book would itself become material for publication. In the light of the facts—as distinguished from the misstatements that have since appeared—I did not regard an investment in CDC as improper, nor do I so regard it now. I decided against buying the stock because although I was assured the purchase involved no obligation on my part, I wanted to avoid any possible future demand that might conflict with my independence as a publisher.

Mr. Apple states that I "vouched for Dr. Taller's good name" and this is repeated in the caption under my photograph. The choice of language and the prominence it is given create a false impression. What happened was that I told my colleagues how I had met Dr. Taller and what several of his enthusiastic patients had told me of his work. This was an entirely normal part of editorial work. Without intending any slight to Dr. Taller, I do not see that it makes me what the phrase implies—an all-around character reference for the doctor. I daresay *SR* has published—quite properly—the work of writers for whose "good name" you might hesitate to "vouch."

I am now and have for some time been engaged in a publishing firm of my own, Grossman Publishers, Inc., and while the venture has nothing to do with the publication of "Calories Don't Count," it is interesting to note that Mr. Apple fails to mention it. It would seem to be a part of careful reporting to identify the principals correctly.

I understand that you have published letters from Mr. M. Lincoln Schuster and Mr. Peter Schwed [*SR*, Dec. 8] and that these letters deal with other aspects of Mr. Apple's article. I have accordingly limited my letter to parts of the article that involve me as an individual. A complete description of the situation would include among other things the many expressions of support for Dr. Taller's theory—some from distinguished persons—that came to Simon and Schuster. Space does not permit that complete description. Yet I trust that this letter will at least give you and your readers an indication that Mr. Apple's article is something less than full and fair.

RICHARD L. GROSSMAN.
New York, N.Y.

MR. APPLE'S REJOINDER

THE REPLIES of Mr. Schwed and Mr. Schuster [*SR*, Dec. 8] to my article "The Strange Case of 'Calories Don't Count'" [*SR*, Nov. 24] remind me of Satchel Paige in his declining days: big windup, no fast ball. They accuse me of manifold misquotations and errors, yet between them they can cite only one: my alleged misrepresentation of Mr. Schwed's comment on the book's tone. I maintain that even the one quotation they question is accurate. I had cited to Mr. Schwed an obvious error, to which he replied, "I know all about that"; I then asked him whether he considered the book's tone reckless, and he answered as I said he did. My notes are quite clear on this, and they also show that Mr. Schwed did indeed use the word "fatties." It appears in my notes in capital letters, twice underlined.

Most of their other complaints are disposed of by the article itself. It may, however, be worthwhile to say that a good part of it was based on the sworn testimony of Essandess officers, and that I gave Mr. Schwed ample opportunity to state his firm's case and his own. As for my failure to consult the pro-Taller medical evidence, I chose to rely instead on eminent nutritional scientists with no stake in the government's case or in Simon and Schuster's. I stand on their opinions.

Nowhere does either Mr. Schwed or Mr. Schuster challenge the gist of the piece, and, in fact, Mr. Schuster's last paragraph makes important concessions to it. I am as concerned as Mr. Schuster that unpopular ideas be promulgated; but I am equally anxious that they be presented responsibly.

Finally, a word about the protest of Mr. Grossman. I never interviewed him because his role was made explicit, in far more detail than I could use, by his sworn testimony. What I wrote about him was drawn from that testimony, including his own remark that he was not primarily an editor. Why he finds it necessary to pile paragraph on paragraph to prove that he has no financial interest in CDC, when my article clearly says he does not, I cannot fathom.

R. W. APPLE, JR.
New York, N.Y.

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Authors and Academicians

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ALTHOUGH the expansion of the college population in recent years may have been most strongly felt in the physical science departments, enrollment has greatly increased in all fields, including literature. Heaven knows how many millions of students are taking courses in literature and how many thousands of teachers are instructing them. These students are being offered a greater variety of courses than their fathers dreamed of, if only because the study and teaching of contemporary literature have become respectable. Whereas Ph.D. candidates were once directed to find their thesis subjects in the past, preferably the remote past, they are now permitted to write on men little older than they are. (I know of several theses on Salinger, and I'm willing to bet that someone somewhere is working on John Updike.) And these men and women go out and teach the moderns, often to large and eager classes.

This situation has had an interesting effect on the publishing business: several publishers, some connected with universities and some commercial, have undertaken ambitious series of books concerned with literary figures both from the past and from the present. I have commented on some of these books from time to time, but it may be useful to survey the entire field. After all, although the publishers have their eyes on the academic market, what they are doing may be important for the general reader.

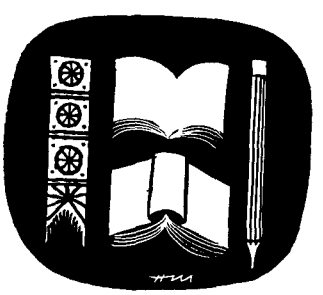
The pioneer series was the University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers, published by the University of Minnesota Press and sold for 65¢ a volume. Four new titles have been added this fall, bringing the total to twenty-three. Thirteen deal with writers of the twentieth century and six with writers of the nineteenth, while four are concerned with groups of writers, such as recent poets and recent dramatists. In the four new pamphlets we find Robert Gorham Davis on John Dos Passos, Stanley Edgar Hyman on Nathanael West, Hyatt Waggoner on Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Jack Ludwig on a group of contemporary novelists, none of whom, apparently, is judged worthy of a volume to himself. At least twenty pamphlets are to be published in the next year or so.

Although the series is uneven, as all such series are bound to be, the average is high. The editors are critics of distinction, and as a rule they have chosen contributors who carry weight. If the brevity of the pamphlets—they run to less than fifty pages—has handicapped some of the contributors, it encourages conciseness and cogency. Biographical information is reduced to essentials, and critical analyses, as a rule, are clear and pointed. For the general reader, as well as for the student, the series is a stimulus to more thoughtful reading.

A more elaborate project is Twayne's United States Authors Series, which, it has been announced, will include more than seventy volumes, thirty of which have been published. These volumes are from 150 to 200 pages in length, and cost $3.50 each. The series, which is edited by Sylvia E. Bowman of the University of Indiana, will cover the whole range of American literature, though with considerable emphasis on the moderns. The five volumes most recently published indicate the range: Parry Stroud on Stephen Vincent Benét, Blair Rouse on Ellen Glasgow, Joseph Ridgely on William Gilmore Simons, Miriam Rossiter Small on Oliver Wendell Holmes, and R. Baird Sherman on Clifford Odets. What strange juxtapositions!

ALL OF THE contributors are teachers, and if a few of them are well known, most of them aren't (Indeed, I have never heard of the colleges in which some of them teach.) With some notable exceptions, the books tend to be excessively academic, and the series as a whole, I feel, has not been planned with sufficient care. On the other hand, it has the merit of treating at length a number of writers about whom little has been written.

The Twentieth Century Views Series, edited by Maynard Mack of Yale and published by Prentice-Hall, is made up of collections of critical essays, each collection dealing with a particular literary figure. The volumes, of which there are presently twenty-one, run to about [illegible] pages and cost $3.95 in cloth and $1. in paperback. The writers represented in the new releases are Melville, Kafka, Homer, Emerson, Lorca, Baudelaire, Edith Wharton, Sartre, Dostoevsky, Brecht, and John Donne. Each of the editors is an authority on his man, and so far the editing has been excellent. I particularly like the inclusion of long critical essays, usually uncut.



I have mentioned (SR, June 23) the first five volumes in Crosscurrents/Modern Techniques, a series edited by Harry T. Moore and published by Southern Illinois University Press at $4.50 a volume. The four volumes recently published are: "The Grotesque: An American Genre," by William Van O'Connor; "Theodore Dreiser: Our Bitter Patriot," by Charles Shapiro; "New American Gothic," by Irving Malin; "The College Novel in America," by John O. Lyons. This series is more heterogeneous than the others I have named, but individual volumes are interesting.

Barnes and Noble's entry in the competition is American Authors and Critics Series, edited by John Mahoney. So far it is made up of six volumes—C Cooper, Whittier, Hawthorne, M Twain, Henry Adams, and Thomas Wolfe—each about 150 pages and selling for $2.95 in cloth, $1.25 in paperback. It is my impression that the series is, and is intended to be, rather more elementary and textbookish than the others.

Grove Press is publishing in this country an English series, edited by A. Norman Jeffares, with the advice of David Daiches and C. P. Snow. Each book has 120 pages and costs 95¢ in paperback. The authors discussed are mostly but not exclusively contemporaries, and come from the United States and the Continent as well as from England. Edwin Muir, Henrik Ibsen, James Joyce, and Mark Twain are the subjects of the four volumes most recently added, which bring the total to twenty.

There is more to come: Crowell-Collier is preparing an extensive series of critical biographies under the editorship of Louis Kronenberger, and I hear that Columbia University Press plans a series of pamphlets similar to Minnesota's. The question that has to be asked is whether we aren't in danger of having too much of a good thing. Already there are duplications, and there are bound to more. The market, however much it may grow, is not unlimited, and the saturation point may not be far ahead. One hopes that when the axe falls it lands on the necks that deserve it.

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Which Way the Going Concern?

"The Pyramid Climbers," by Vance Packard *(McGraw-Hill. 339 pp. $5), explores the Everest of big-corporation life and its demands on those who would ascend its rarefied heights. D. W. Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University in England, is at present a senior research fellow at Yale Law School. He is the author of "The American Character," "America in the Modern World," "Politics in America," and other books.*

By D. W. BROGAN

Vance Packard—"a good many doubts."

THIS, it seems to me, is Vance Packard's best book, and an intrinsically good and useful one. I have enjoyed the author's previous works more than I have believed in them. But in "The Pyramid Climbers" he uses the stiletto rather than the club, eschews scatter-gun techniques, writes demurely but effectively, and displays an impressive desire to be fair, to see the problems from the actor's point of view and not merely from the spectator's. It is only after reading a hundred pages or so that one comes to realize how adroitly the criticisms are planted. This is not an exposé of the methods of executive training, promotion, and utilization. It is a description which, to me, is friendly, well-informed, but in the best sense critical.

To begin with, Mr. Packard accepts the fact that the billion-dollar corporation has come to stay. The great companies, notably General Motors, are getting better, and one of the problems of the contemporary executive class arises from such size. A small and even a middle-sized firm can judge the man on the job. It can tolerate eccentricity; it may, indeed, be headed by an eccentric. But the billion-dollar corporation with its thousands of "executives," from which the real executives (or *the* executive) must be chosen, has a problem on its hands. Mr. Packard has a good many doubts as to the success with which the problem is being met.

In the first place, there is a deliberate exclusion of a great deal of promising managerial material. There is a strong and in some businesses a dominating preoccupation with recruiting exclusively from college-trained—preferably Ivy League college-trained—"Wasps" ("white Anglo-Saxon Protestants").

The pool from which top management is drawn comprises, Mr. Packard estimates, 3 per cent of the population. Even if we push the figure up to 10 per cent, the conclusion is equally depressing. From my own observation, and from the reading of books like Anthony Sampson's "Anatomy of Britain," I believe that in my caste-ridden country we do better. In England there is much less of the childish and odious social anti-Semitism that disfigures the United States, and there is less bias against women.

The ways in which executives are picked young and "brought along" involve a mixture of "science" and magic. It pays, we learn, to be well over six feet tall. Only General de Gaulle would qualify among today's political leaders; Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln would have made it, but not Hamilton, Adams, Wellington, Napoleon—or Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, or John D. Rockefeller. It also pays to be lean. The Cassius type is favored, which may account for the amount of skilled knifing that goes on.

Once in, the rising executive is molded and disciplined to a degree that would startle a Protestant admirer or fearer of the Jesuits. His clothes, his manners, his visiting cards, his clubs, his friends, his recreations are all tailored to the corporation image. No wonder the executive who is a ball of fire in the boardroom is so often a bust in bed. He is married to the corporation; so the nominal wife often takes to the bottle or to Reno.

The slow ascent up the pyramid is painful and dangerous. The man ahead may "accidentally" stamp on your hand; the man below may withdraw his supporting push at a critical moment. But somebody has to get to the top. It may be luck. The tide in the affairs of men may be running with the corporation; it may carry the executive of no real merit over all the shallows and miseries. Or it may run the other way and wreck the life and the family of a capable executive who is unlucky.

One asks why this perilous ascent should be made. There is mere ambition: the summit is there, like Everest. There is the craving for power and recognition, the desire to say, "I made it" (as well as the more dangerous "I've got it made"). And there is money. In a burst of un-American frankness Mr. Packard stresses this old-fashioned motive. He does not accept the view that Americans, unlike Europeans, are unmaterialistic, anxious to give service. They may and often do want to give service, but they put a high price tag on their efforts, one that the executives of the great corporations, owning less than 5 per cent of the stock, can often determine free of any control by the majority stockholders. Then there are the fringe benefits, the executive suites (there is one that has a carved marble toilet), the swivel chairs with headrests, the company planes. (Corporations tend to keep their names off the executive planes, as stockholders waiting in airports for regular transportation have been known to be narrow-minded about such legitimate perquisites.) There is company booze; and, as guests of another company, there may be company call girls. It is the life of Reilly—or is it?

Not quite. There is the Golden Bough aspect: every top executive must watch out for the aspirant. There seems to be least danger in banking, and most in the "barracuda pool" of advertising, where there are ulcers and coronaries, gloom and tension. Since only a few can get to the top, there is bound to be a mass of the thwarted whose ambitions have been excited above their talents or luck (and luck is a talent). But to serve, and rise, in a great corporation is the ambition of a high proportion of the ablest 2 per cent of American males.

What general conclusions does Mr.

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Packard draw? He insinuates rather than asserts them; but they are plain enough all the same. Corporations, almost always, reward conformity. They may profess to want "tigers," but they want tigers who "fit in." They want tame mavericks. Even clothing makes or mars the man. (Sartorial conformity is not confined to business; I can remember a United States Senator telling me that he thought he could now risk wearing a colored shirt on the Senate floor, since he had noticed that Senator Lodge was wearing one.) The businessman, on the average, is remarkably narrow. He doesn't waste time on books, though "a-literacy" may be less general outside Detroit than Mr. Packard allows for. His social and political views are narrow or second-hand. He resents criticism from outside, from politicians, voters, academics. He is used to the echo chamber of the executive suite. Business narrowness can, indeed, be frightening. I remember a group of highly paid executives of a well-known corporation, not quite of the first rank, who were being sent abroad to deal with extremely sophisticated European opposite numbers. I thought the Secretary of State ought to have impounded their passports; they must have damaged the image of the United States—and, I strongly suspect, the profits of their corporation as well.

Are things getting better? A little, it appears. Some family firms employ Jews. There is less naïve belief in naïve psychology and psychiatry. There is, I think (and I don't know that Mr. Packard would agree with me), less belief in a quality called "managerial ability," or that it can be detected and trained. There is more realization that the mere businessman is out of place as a would-be leader in a society that is never, *pace* Senator Goldwater, going back to the golden day when the business of the United States was business.

Mr. Packard makes some useful if not very profound or hopeful suggestions about how to improve executive selection, handling, and training. But the best thing "business" can do is to eschew its horror of books and read this one. Let business stop using a flattering mirror and look at the work of a candid if not hostile camera.

Culture: Class or Mass?

"Against the American Grain," by Dwight Macdonald *(Random House. 427 pp. $6.50), a collection of essays previously published in other media, deals with Masscult, Midcult, High Culture, and other aspects of our way of life. Ihab Hassan wrote "Radical Innocence."*

By IHAB HASSAN

DWIGHT MACDONALD has made the whole province of culture that lives by words and ideas the subject of his wit—that is, his intelligence. As readers of his book reviews in *The New Yorker* will know, Mr. Macdonald is profound as seldom as he is daunted or dull. This collection of essays—they have all appeared in one form or another before—proves no exception. The book is full of verve and vinegar: it is astute, quarrelsome, funny, and prolix. Its targets are significant, its passions largely reasonable. Yet its engagement with cultural problems often remains breezy or superficial. Having said this, I still urge anyone with the remotest interest in our culture to read it.

There is no longer any doubt that cultural criticism is now a matter of some urgency, for tomorrow it may be too late to exercise any critical faculties whatsoever. Sociologists are not always the most helpful: their jargon can be impenetrable, and their view is at best special. Mr. Macdonald, however, is equally at home in politics, history, and literature, and he can write brilliantly. He is also a man with a view. In his essay on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, he states that view clearly: "Bland, flavorless mediocrity will have replaced the pungency of genius. And if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" This is not only a view but also the theme that animates these essays, giving the book its partial coherence. Culture is imperiled by the blurring lines of its subdivisions: Masscult, Midcult, and High Culture (why not Highcult?). Here is the problem as it is stated boldly in the preface:

> Now that the masses—that is, everybody—are getting into the act and making the scene, the problem of vulgarization has become acute. I see only two logical solutions: (a) an attempt to integrate the masses into high culture; or (b) a contrary attempt to define two cultures, one for the masses and the other for the classes. I am for the latter.

A bold but perhaps also a bald statement. My own sympathies are entirely with Mr. Macdonald, though he gives little evidence in his work that the historical process may be made more susceptible to our hopes. But then, this is a critical, a debunking book, neither prescriptive nor theoretical, and it is useful as far as it goes.

THE essays are arranged in five sections. A long piece, "Masscult and Midcult," occupies the entire first section. It does not provide a theoretical framework, but offers, rather, a sustained exercise in opinion and observation. Mr. Macdonald is convinced that Masscult debilitates the life of a civilization; it is anonymous, passive, and self-perpetuating. "The masses are . . . man as non-man, that is man in a special relationship to other men that makes it impossible for him to function as man . . ." This is grim enough. But Midcult is not much better; it simply covers the indecencies of Masscult "with a cultural figleaf." The analysis progresses by witty, or cranky, references to art, literature, manners, and morals.

The second section, entitled "Heroes/Victims," purports to show that the heroes of High Culture are also the victims of American society. There are essays on Twain, Joyce (for international contrasts), Agee, and Hemingway. The essay on Twain is learned and convincing; the one on Agee, a personal friend of the author, quite moving. On Hemingway, though, Mr. Macdonald seems ill-humored and sometimes simply wrong. (The rebuttal by George Plimpton, generously included in an appendix, seems more persuasive than the essay itself.)

Mr. Macdonald is at his best when he is performing on some enemy of culture a definitive operation, with instruments ranging from hatchet to scalpel. The sections entitled "Pretenders" and "Betrayals" (note the differences in nuance) include the famous and devastating critique of Cozzens's "By Love Possessed" (a pretender), as well as the equally thorough and remorseless essays on the Chicago Great Books *mit* Syntopicon, the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and the third edition of Webster's New International Dictionary (betrayals all). Mr. Macdonald is so effective in these pieces that he manages to make his conclusions about the most controversial subjects seem final; or, better still, to make the most hallowed subjects seem controversial. On Colin Wilson's "The Outsider" and Raymond Williams's "The Long Revolution" Mr. Macdonald, despite his avowed Anglophilia, manages to be unilluminating. A certain cultural snobbery induces him to call anything he does not like, from mysticism to exis-

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tentialism, simply Philistine. But what kind of Philistinism is it that calls Hermann Hesse a "minor German novelist"?

The three essays in the final section, harmlessly entitled "Examinations," seem a trifle diffuse. Furthermore, they do not compose a strong conclusion to the book. They do share, however, an implicit theme: the role of amateurism in modern society. Mr. Macdonald clearly sees the advantages of informed amateurism in his essay on British journalism, and he also sees the dangers to amateurism in his essays on the American cults of "factualism" and "howto-ism." He ends thus: "This would be good discipline for Americans, just to look at things once in a while without touching them, using them, converting them . . . The artist's vision, not the hunter's."

This is a fine expression of the attitude the author himself has struck. Without being systematic or really original, "Against the American Grain" proves itself an urbane, independent, and perceptive work, kind to those qualities of imagination and sensibility

without which no culture can endure. Its genuine intolerance of sham, in high or low places, can serve to brace our sagging judgments and to keep our minds on the stretch.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1011

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1011 will be found in the next issue.

AVRASV DJSS QWH UGH-

XKJGN XKUX'B RGV XR

U YWBXROVP.

BJGYSUJP SVDJB.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1010

Every great advance in science has issued from a new audacity of imagination.

—JOHN DEWEY.

. . . AND THE BRITISH

The Court on the Carpet

"Anatomy of Britain," by Anthony Sampson *(Harper. 662 pp. $6.95), exposes, by means of superficially lighthearted sketches of the Establishment, the stultifying effect of continuing social snobbery in England. J. H. Plumb, historian and biographer, teaches English history at Cambridge University.*

By J. H. PLUMB

WOULD you like to know who supplies Queen Elizabeth II with bagpipes? Or dog biscuits? Would you be fascinated to learn that she costs Britain less than two large firms spend on advertising detergents? And dukes—who could resist such titbits of information as that they average 1.5 wives apiece; that two are nearly broke; that Northumberland is related to a quarter of the rest; that Devonshire, Macmillan's nephew, having paid £2½ million in death duties, can still afford to live in four large houses, one with 111 rooms? And if the dukes pall, there are 523 barons—a quaint and fascinating assortment.

And after the peers come the clubs, those curious sepulchral caverns dotted about St. James's Palace, where the upper-class English males live out their ritual and taboo. And so, on to the Court, to Parliament, to the Church, to public schools (private schools to you), to judges, admirals, generals, press barons, on and on and on through the complex jungles of the British Establishment, at times regaled with morsels of gossip, occasionally stuffed with an impressive range of fascinating facts, and frequently enlivened by short, slick vignettes of all the leading men of influence and power.

Mr. Sampson does it all effortlessly, painlessly, and with the lightest of touches. I defy anyone not to be enthralled by this book, or to try to stop reading it. This is one of the most cunning pieces of journalism that has appeared for a generation. It makes its prototypes, John Gunther's famous books, look uninformed and dull.

But what is Mr. Sampson's real purpose? Is it to entertain, or, sinisterly, to make Britain's horrifying Establishment seem cosy and familiar and, therefore, harmless? It would be a mistake to think so. His intention is very serious—to display the crippling nature of Britain's social structure in the new world of scientific technology and high-powered industrial capitalism.

Although Britain originated the Industrial Revolution, British society did its best, and still does, to ignore the consequences. Although the new men of science and industry may come from grammar schools and provincial universities, or even technical colleges, the manipulators of power rarely do. High Civil Servants, Cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, bankers, and directors of commercial enterprises all tend to come from established families, trained at boarding schools and Oxford or Cambridge, and all largely ignorant of the new needs of industrial activity or of the kind of life lived in industrial towns. This class has not only clung to the trappings of feudalism with the dedication of a Magna Carta baron, deifying ancient institutions merely because they are old; it has also created a deeply distrustful attitude to all change. The result is constant frustration for the new managerial class and for industrial enterprise. Much of the opposition to the European Common Market and much of the British distaste for the American way of life is derived from this subconscious hatred of industrialization that exists amongst Britain's governing classes.

The roots of the trouble lie deeper than Mr. Sampson thinks. When Britain became really affluent in the nineteenth century, there already existed a traditional pattern of life for rich men—landed estates, hunting, shooting, fishing, the London season, titles, Parliament, the Court, and a few professions that were regarded as gentlemanly. So there was an obvious target for the new rich; and naturally they went after the baronial Joneses, sent their sons to boarding schools, bought estates as far

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from their factories as they could, put their daughters on horses, and even went fox-hunting themselves.

It was all natural enough. Social snobbery is the inevitable outcome of affluence in a deeply stratified society. What in America goes into competitive snobbery about culture or visible display of wealth, in Britain goes into a violent competitive expenditure for social status. And it still goes on. Boarding school places are so much in demand among parents who never went to one that sons now have to be entered *before* they are born. Fox-hunting has never been more popular, although most hunters' parents scarcely knew one end of a horse from the other. Coming-out dances for daughters have reached new heights of fatuous extravagance. Country cottages are at such a premium in Southern England that there is an appalling housing crisis for agricultural laborers. Even stately homes are now in demand.

Like their ancestors, those who have become rich as a result of the scientific and technological revolution seem eager to remove themselves with all possible speed from the sources of their wealth. And yet, to do so is, nationally speaking, suicidal. Already too much talent in Britain is withdrawn from productivity, because industry is not regarded as gentlemanly.

It is unlikely that anything short of a social revolution can break this stranglehold of the past. How weird and comic a people we must seem to others! Mr. Sampson's excellent portrayal of Britain disguises nothing of our oddity. His book makes wonderful, if gloomy, reading for a native.

A Change In The Weather

By Robert Necker

AT 2 a.m. windy spring slept
the cat yawned the rain wet lightly
the black hair of Betty
raindrops crept
about the wrists of the dark leaves.

Now leaves are dark as
a nun's grave shoes. And full of
witches' veins. The cat
is dead of summer.
Now is the season that shivers in loneliness nearing humped winter.

Hurt the leaves autumn rain rip all
the leaves. Let them
fall. Wind
be the death of leaves which saw me
lose Elizabeth.

No Party to Appeasement

"The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon: Facing the Dictators" *(Houghton Mifflin. 746 pp. $7.50), chronologically precedes the British statesman's earlier volume of autobiography, "Full Circle," and covers the fateful years 1923-1938. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago.*

By JOHN CLIVE

THIS is how Winston Churchill looked back on Anthony Eden's resignation as Foreign Secretary in 1938 in his history of the Second World War:

> From midnight till dawn I lay in my bed consumed by emotions of sorrow and fear. There seemed one strong young figure standing up against long, dismal, drawling tides of drift and surrender, of wrong measurements and feeble impulses . . . he seemed to me at this moment to embody the life-hope of the British nation. . . . Now he was gone.

The present volume of memoirs describes those tides of drift and surrender from the point of view of one who was not prepared to float along with them. Whatever history's final verdict on Eden will turn out to be—and we now tend to think of him mainly in connection with the ill-fated Suez operation—the record of his diplomacy in the years when Hitler and Mussolini were able to consolidate their power should assure him a place among the few who were onto the game the dictators were playing.

Eden was initially willing to give them the benefit of the doubt, until he realized that international agreements were to them no more than scraps of paper. From then on he tried valiantly to convince the successive British governments in which he served that gangsterism in international affairs could only be countered by firmness and strength. For concession and compromise would only be met by ever more intemperate demands. Once again we see unfolded here the melancholy tale of the failures of the Thirties: failure of disarmament conferences, failure to enforce effective sanctions against Italy during the Abyssinian war, failure to stop German remilitarization of the

—Blau (Pix).

Anthony Eden—"the road to Munich might well have been avoided."

Rhineland, failure of "non-intervention" during the Spanish Civil War, failure to take adequate action against Japanese aggressive policies in the Far East, and, above all, failure of the great democracies in Europe and America to act in concert, to negotiate from strength rather than from weakness.

It would be a mistake to imagine that it was the ineptitude of British foreign policy alone that was mainly responsible for these failures. That responsibility must be borne by many people in many countries. But there can be no doubt about the fact that had Baldwin and Chamberlain been more receptive to Eden's prescient advice, the road to Munich might well have been avoided.

Not that Eden was free from error. He should never have consented to the appointment of Sir Neville Henderson as British Ambassador to Berlin, where he spent his time making excuses for the Nazis. Nor should he have tolerated Lord Halifax's ill-timed visit to Berchtesgaden in 1937, which achieved nothing but a loss of dignity for Britain. Again, after the then British Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, acting without the knowledge of the Cabinet, joined Pierre Laval in 1935 in signing away half of Haile Selassie's Abyssinian territory to Italy, Eden should have

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pressed for Hoare's immediate recall to London in order to hasten repudiation of this infamous pact. George V told Eden, who succeeded Hoare at this juncture, "I said to your predecessor: 'You know what they're saying, no more coals to Newcastle, no more Hoares to Paris.' The fellow didn't even smile."

But these errors, freely admitted in this volume, are venial indeed when compared to those committed by his chiefs, and especially by Neville Chamberlain, who became Prime Minister in 1937 and under whom Eden served until his resignation. Several attempts have been made in recent years to vindicate Chamberlain's policies and to make appeasement respectable. But here is a particularly devastating indictment, by someone in a position to know what was going on. It was not only that Chamberlain proved to be tragically wrong in his belief that Hitler and Mussolini were anxious for genuine agreements, and that he was the only man who could really negotiate with them. Time and again, first as Chancellor of the Exchequer, later as Prime Minister, he went behind the Foreign Secretary's back in order to take the sting out of the latter's policies and ingratiate himself with the dictators—who, of course, had nothing but cynical contempt for such weakness.

When, in the late autumn of 1937, Eden complained to Chamberlain about the slow pace of British rearmament, he was told to go to bed and take an aspirin. A few weeks later Chamberlain insisted on opening conversations with Mussolini in which he was prepared to grant *de jure* recognition to the Duce's conquest of Abyssinia, without any advance assurance of reciprocal Italian concessions. At this point Eden decided to resign. It was certainly his finest hour.

This volume of the Eden memoirs ends with the first authoritative version of his resignation. It is well worth reading for that alone, since the events it describes have not yet been covered by the official British history of these years.

Eden is far from being a great stylist. We get glimpses of the leading European statesmen of the time, but these lack depth and subtlety. And occasional anecdotes, some very amusing, do not quite make up for the great quantity and length of quotations from speeches and dispatches. Great, but not excessive. For the book was written not primarily to entertain, but to set one man's record straight. Unlike that of most leading figures of this period, it is a record that bears inspection well.

Answers to Editor's Note on page 15

1. e. e. cummings; 2. Stephen Vincent Benét; 3. T. S. Eliot; 4. John Ciardi; 5. Dylan Thomas.

FICTION

Vacation from Grace

"Vessel of Dishonor," by Paul Roche *(Sheed & Ward. 306 pp. $4.95), probes the dilemma of a Catholic priest, uncertain of his vocation, who breaks his vow of celibacy. Riley Hughes, associate professor of English at Georgetown University, wrote "The Hills Were Liars."*

By RILEY HUGHES

SOMEWHAT over a century ago the irascible but perceptive American convert to Catholicism, Orestes Brownson, deplored Catholic novels, even then a flourishing sub-genre, as being "made up of two distinct and separable portions, the sentimental story and the grave religious discussion." Granting a century's difference in outlook, "Vessel of Dishonor," a first novel by Paul Roche, an English Catholic poet and translator, falls remarkably within the terms of Brownson's description. The story line and the religious argument of this sensitive, often beautifully evocative novel become increasingly polarized, and at last perhaps fatally disjointed.

Mr. Roche's protagonist, when we first encounter him, is an English seminarian, little more than a year away from ordination to the priesthood. On solemn retreat before being made a sub-deacon, the first step in his preparation, Martin Haversham looks back guiltily upon a singular lapse from grace, when he "had broken the horrible spell of his sensual dumbness." He had given himself a vacation in an inextricably pious and pagan Italy, during which he cast aside cassock and "eight years of mortification that had bullied and jostled him" for a bacchic romp with Vanessa MacCullers, an American girl who was enthralled by his legs—"like redwood saplings"—and became a willing Chloe to his Daphnis, to use Mr. Roche's language. His reaction and remorse together propel Martin, now vowed to perpetual celibacy, through ordination and into parish work in London.

Here, where most novels of the genre would end, "Vessel of Dishonor" really begins. Even after ordination Martin is not certain that he has a vocation to the priesthood, nor can he tell whether or not his rebellion against celibacy is merely in his body or deep down in his spirit. He goes "gallivanting" in a movie-house, meets Peggy (she comes to call him "my gazelle") and takes a flat for her, salving his conscience with an Augustinian "Lord, not yet." This does not last very long either; helped mightily by coincidence, Vanessa reappears, and the narrative comes to a predictable but not wholly earned conclusion.

Mr. Roche writes with such fine poetic choice of image and insight, and so knowledgeably about the forms of ecclesiastical life, that it is worth noting where he puts his foot wrong. The dialogue is often impossibly arch, for one thing. It is hard to put up with a hero who is described, again and again and often within his hearing, as a faun, and whose only response is a complacent silence. In his selective glimpses into Martin's family past and priestly present the author never quite gets Martin himself into focus. He obviously intends Martin as a fatuous cleric, but he seems to have no idea that he is portraying an even more fatuous lover. Everything comes too easily to Martin; he lacks the precise idealism or the precise coarseness, perhaps, that would provide an abrasive quality to his mind and character and make either, if not both, of the stages of his career believable. One does not ask for another beginning or ending for the fellow, but there remains the problem of a tantalizingly missing middle.

Paul Roche—the problem of a missing middle.

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One Man's Mediocrity

Richard Dohrman—a kindly eye.

"The Heartworm," by Richard Dohrman *(Harper & Row. 294 pp. $4.95), tells of the revenge against Life attempted by a disappointed salesman at bay. James Kelly wrote the novel "The Insider."*

By JAMES KELLY

IN ITS barest outline, "The Heartworm" is a story of one man's mediocrity and the resentment he feels when a boyhood friend, with even less measurable talent, manages to outstrip him in the success department. During his middle years the narrating central figure—an average salesman who has been an average musician and below-average husband since New York sidewalk days—begins to brood obsessively about "the system that appraises men by their ability to prevail." He, Mitchell Bell, begins to feel that Life has given him a raw deal, and it is easy for him to translate this feeling into bitter hatred of old pal Harry Luby, who has made it big as a theatrical producer and happily married man with all his intellectual, cultural, and racial handicaps. Luby becomes the target of Bell's urge to "get even," despite past and present kindnesses, and it doesn't take very long for the also-ran to realize that Luby is vulnerable only through his wife, Vanessa: who takes *her* wins the game. How the cuckoldry campaign progresses accounts for whatever suspense is engendered by this timeless situation, abetted by the unexpected discovery that the wife in question is herself almost ready to explode with resentment toward her kindly, patient, Old Testament husband. Will Bell win the girl and destroy the Luby myth? He himself supplies an apt thought: "Normal men seldom put themselves in danger of being rebuffed, of having their skimpy male charms evaluated in a woman's laugh. And they know that being successful—which isn't very likely—would probably be worse than being scoffed."

But this is only the framework for a structure of big and little human relationships Mr. Dohrman intends to build. As previously demonstrated in the bravura portrait of "The Cross of Baron Samedi" and the textured human patterns of "For Innocents Only," what really interests him are the cumulative weight of daily details, small encounters, isolated observations, formless conversations, trivial incidents, and shamelessly naked ego behavior that together make up a life. In "The Heartworm" such truly observed life-details are used to realize an unpretty picture which, for most readers, will carry plenty of social recognition. The author's talents as storyteller, reporter, and transcriber of unpretentious, ring-true dialogue could hardly find a better showcase. That the novel is unselective and meandering, that its average pace is that of a runaway glacier, that it is difficult to decide whether the secondary theme is romance or racial conflict, and that it leaves us with some mighty sterile inconclusions do not seem to matter as much as they should. As a camera is unselective, Life is unselective, we are shown. Since most of an adult's frisky fun and sensual pleasure is a matter of luck, anyhow, there's no use trying to fix cards that are already fixed.

A salesman at bay, Mitch Bell holds our sympathy. Bored by his job and daily business contacts, routinely involved with a beddable spinster, haunted by the missed chances of his former marriage, ridden by hatred for Harry Luby and simulated desire for Vanessa, he still manages to contemplate his lot with sardonic humor. He can cope with stray café-society types, handle Vanessa's brother Leopold, an *enfant terrible* if there ever was one, and come up with decent impulses when somebody really calls upon him for help or first aid. At times one almost forgets his contemptible motives and plodding hypocrisy while watching him doggedly pursue a battered Unholy Grail.

As a chronicler of waspish social conflict, Mr. Dohrman gives Mary McCarthy a run for her money; but a large point of difference between them is his kindly eye and manifest regret that people behave as they do. The Dohrman technique in the novel at hand is to bring people into the world and then step unobtrusively aside, letting them speak, act, and think as they will. His audience is likely to stay with him to the bitter end because it will be made to understand along about page 109 that a mirror doesn't lie, either.

MADMAN'S MISSION: The theme of **"Heathen Valley"** (Atheneum, $5), by Romulus Linney, is the darkness that springs from too much love of abstract light. Its villain, if so unhappy and gifted a man may be called villain, is Bishop Ames, who, in 1850, takes an Episcopalian mission into an isolated North Carolina valley. With the bishop goes William Starns, wanderer, murderer, drunkard. The emergence of Starns as a self-discovering, people-discovering, perhaps God-discovering, and very practical Christian is paralleled by the increasing saintly madness of the bishop.

The story is told by half a dozen first-person narrators, and by the author speaking in the third person. Mr. Linney's handling of folk speech in reflection and action is neat, respectful, and effective. He has a real feeling for the mountains, a good deal of basic "root-and-herb" knowledge, and enough strength to make his people fresh and believable. Reading "Heathen Valley" is like peering down into one of the ravines around Blowing Rock, North Carolina, on an autumn morning. You watch the mist rise to show a pine, a gum-tree, a fern-leaf, a cabin, a man—until a world of rounded light and shadow has been made.

Yet in other respects the novel is unsuccessful. Bishop Ames, a brilliant madman, doesn't come through with the clarity and sympathy of the minor characters: Cora, an affection-hungry but truly loving woman; Harl, whose own madness is much more fey and convincing than the bishop's.

Nevertheless, although sometimes Mr. Linney seems to be pushing the bishop over the brink, shoving his book into tragic place, there's writing distinction here, along with a steady intensity of purpose that holds the interest even through irritation. And Starns himself, who seems at first as lacking in motivation as a baby rabbit, grows under the eye. By his bitter end he is fully realized. We like him, pity him, and pity

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mankind through him. The death of Starns—the book's best scene—has about it a kind of heroic numbness, as though his man were about to speak for the tongueless and the damned, once and for all.

So in a flawed and small but true way, this is a novel that adds a little something real to human understanding.

—PAUL DARCY BOLES.

SADISM AND SALVATION: Both Pamela Hansford Johnson and her husband, C. P. Snow, are novelists and moralists, but there the resemblance ends. Snow's plots proceed smoothly and gravely like carefully loaded ships making for their ordained destination. Miss Johnson writes with a scintillation that illumines one broken fragment of the human situation after another, leaving the reader, if he can, to piece the illuminations into a coherent pattern.

The protagonist in her novel **"An Error of Judgment"** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50) is William Setter, a doctor and agnostic, who is tormented by a secret streak of sadism that finally drives him to give up his work lest he find too much scope for his perverse impulses. His strange gyrations are reported by Victor Hendrey, a pleasantly superficial and urbane friend, whose great merit is that he observes everything, understands very little, and presents his brilliant confusions to the reader without undue processing.

Setter, convinced that he is damned —though he has no conventional hell to go to—seems fated to spread ruin wherever he is. His wife drifts away; Hendrey's wife, Jenny, drifts toward the ex-doctor, who has now become a sort of amateur psychologist and social worker. A teddy boy named Sammy, who is suspected of a brutal murder, becomes attracted to Setter, and the latter undertakes the difficult task of arousing some gleam of conscience in the totally depraved boy. How Setter finally handles Sammy and Jenny is indicative of his own personal struggle to escape from the psychological as well as the spiritual curse under which he labors.

The entire novel is a complex study of guilt, damnation, the rumored possibility of salvation—all narrated with a glittering and worldly command of literary sophistication. Unless specially alerted, the reader may not at first be aware that he is moving into Graham Greene territory, even at times into the Dostoevsky preserve.

In short, this novel reveals a literary talent as professionally competent as any functioning today, and a psychological and moral insight that is all the more probing for the grace of the urbane touch.

—CHAD WALSH.

Recipe for Writers

"The Realities of Fiction," by Nancy Hale *(Little, Brown. 247 pp. $5), offers an experienced author's theoretical and practical advice on "creative writing." Warren Bower teaches at New York University and conducts the radio program "The Readers' Almanac."*

By WARREN BOWER

Nancy Hale—definite opinions.

OUT OF her lectures on fiction and fiction writing given before student audiences, particularly those at the Bread Loaf Writers Conference, the novelist and short-story writer Nancy Hale has made a book that is studded with happily phrased insights into the nature of creative writing.

This last phrase is not one that she rejects out of hand, though she does note that "creative writing" courses are often taught in wholly uncreative ways. Her own aim, as it is the aim of every effective teacher of writing, is to awaken excitement about writing in those whose creative ability is expressed through the selection and arrangement of words. This she accomplishes with quiet ease, since her essays are full of highly communicable enthusiasm.

Miss Hale starts with a discussion of imagination as "new reality in the process of being created," and then applies this conception to the novel, the short story, autobiographical fiction, and poetry, though her essay on the last is the least illuminating in the book. She is at her best in discussing such matters as the essential differences between novels and short stories and their respective structures and characteristics, and it is when these are personalized through references to her own practices that she is most persuasive and effective. There is, for example, her habit of consigning to a convenient-sized box her notes on ideas for novels or short stories, and paper-clipping together those concerned with the same theme. When she reaches into that box and brings out a clutch of notes, she enlivens abstract theory with pointedly useful illustration.

Students who hear her, and now those who read her as well, meet a literary craftsman who knows what she is doing and why, one who is capable of meaningful discussion of techniques and content, and who can lead skilfully from craft to seminal ideas. She is also a deft phrase maker: no one has yet polished off the New Critics as neatly and tellingly as does Miss Hale in her reference to their "insistence upon viewing literature in *apartheid.*" Often she sums up a complex of esthetic principles in a simple statement, as when she says of meaning in a short story, "What I look for . . . is the reverberation of significance beyond the matters immediately under observation."

As good teachers should, Miss Hale has definite opinions, which she weaves into the fabric of her advice to apprentice writers. She is against didacticism in fiction, which she defines as explaining "the great truth that is yours to impart." Salinger, she says stoutly against the weight of many readers' opinions, "is the only successful didactic short story writer I know of today. He merely proves the rule." She is against compulsive writers, instancing Wolfe as the worst example. Most first novels, she reports from the experience of reading many, have not achieved the sense of flow, by which she means "the rhythm of life when translated into a novel through the art of fiction." She is an intense admirer of Forster, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Faulkner; and there are a host of references to such lesser writers as Marquand, Lewis, and Maugham, for both approbation and warning.

What is the audience for such a book? Probably much smaller than one would

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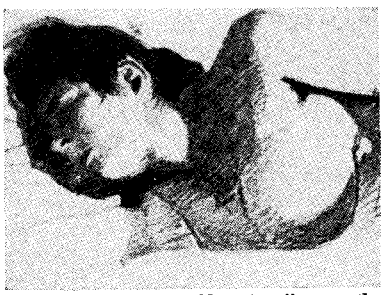
wish it to be. Inevitably this book will be classified as "literary essays," a phrase suggesting old gentlemen dozing over leather-bound volumes. Her work does not have the force and manner of a textbook, whose users insist on being told what to do rather than on being led to deeper insights. Because it offers the fruits of the wide experience of a thoughtful professional, the book makes an obvious appeal to the unpublished writer, as well as to the author of one or two books who needs to grow in understanding of his art. It would be a most happy result if such a stimulating discussion could also reach the many readers whom it might help to a more mature judgment on literary values. Regrettably, the book has been priced out of that possibility.



"Young Woman Sleeping," pencil.

"Profile of Varese," silverpoint.

Born in Muro Lucano, Italy, in 1880, Joseph Stella immigrated to America, where he became the leading Futurist artist of his time. Famous for his many portrayals of the city in modern civilization, he is remembered particularly as the greatest interpreter of the Brooklyn Bridge in the days when that structure was hailed as a monument of modernism. **"Drawings of Joseph Stella,** (Rabin & Krueger, $5) presents some of the less widely known aspects of the artist's work.

The Globe and a Gimmick

"A Fragment of Autobiography: The Fun of Writing the Inside Books," by John Gunther *(Harper & Row. 116 pp. $3.50), reveals the formula for a successful innovation in journalism. John Phillips, a correspondent in Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the United States, is the author of "Odd World: A Photo-Reporter's Story."*

By JOHN PHILLIPS

FOR A quarter of a century, during the most tumultuously confused times man has ever experienced, numerous Americans have relied upon John Gunther's "Inside" books for their understanding of foreign countries. They did well. Gunther's political Baedekers are reliable if not purely objective, for, obviously, he has a point of view. This he willingly admits in "A Fragment of Autobiography: The Fun of Writing the Inside Books."

"A reporter with no bias at all would be a vegetable," Gunther soberly remarks. "I myself have always had a strong, unalterable liberal bent; I believe in decency and progress, in tomorrow as against yesterday." The governments Gunther wrote about were not objective either. The Nazis put him on their "death list" for "Inside Europe."

Published in the Thirties, this innovation, now called "book journalism," enabled Gunther to give his readers a comprehensive picture about countries that had only been a confused blur in their minds. In "Inside Europe" many Americans saw for the first time what was happening on the Continent. Gunther's formula, he now recalls, was to ". . . peg my material to the leading personalities, hanging political background on them." As a result "Inside Europe," which read like a whodunit, became a best-seller and helped to awaken Americans to the perils of Hitler and Co.

Six equally successful "Inside" jobs followed. With uncanny flair, Gunther always knew what would interest Americans and was ready with an appropriate offering at the right time. He does not, however, appear to be aware of this precious gift. Modestly, and in passing, he merely observes, "I myself am a fairly average guinea pig, and if something interests me I am reasonably sure it will interest the general reader too."

In this inside story of the inside books readers will learn why Americans have been in rapport with John Gunther for so many years: he stands for what is best in us.

Only an American, and a rugged one at that, would have dared to undertake a survey of the world singlehanded. Just consider some of the problems over and above the actual writing of these bulky volumes. Take the financial question and the necessity of churning out magazine articles in the midst of a journey to cover the travel expenses—a process Gunther humorously describes as "the equivalent of putting on the brakes suddenly while driving uphill." Take the distances he had to cover: in Africa, for instance, "we visited 105 cities and towns in thirty-one countries, and had fifty-four different trips by air." Take the endless revisions required to keep the books up to date: " 'Inside Europe,' which was 180,000 words long on its first publication in 1936, grew to length of about 265,000 words b 1940." Take the matter of getting both sides of the story: "In America my ideal day was to spend the morning with the Republican National Committee and the afternoon with the Democratic National Committee, to lunch with the CIO and dine with the First National Bank." No wonder that at one point Gunther exclaims ruefully: "I sometimes feel my age." But he never once loses his verve.

A MASTER at fleshing out a personality with deft sentences, Gunther surpasses himself in his latest book. His self-portrait is honest and revealing of the man. He is candid: ". . . I cannot spell." He is humorous over the misfortune of having his books pirated: "All this refers to the Nationalist Chinese of Taiwan, of course—not the immoral Communists on the mainland." He is unpretentious: "The book ["Inside Africa"] continues to hold a certain value, if only because no other has come along to replace it." But, above all, there is a streak of the gee-whizz kid about John Gunther at sixty which makes him endearing. "What I ar about to put down should not be p down by me, but let me pamper myself. Once a British journal, preposterously but agreeably, called me 'Surveyor-General of the Universe'!" That's not so preposterous, Mr. Gunther.

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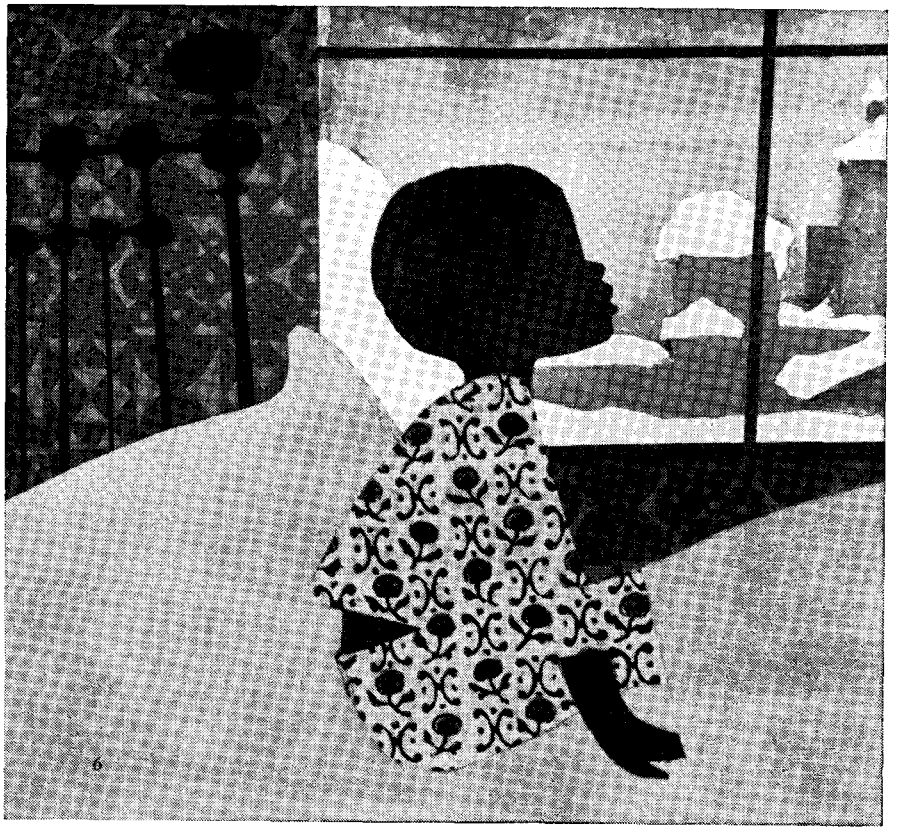
Stories for the Christmas Season



—*From "The Snowy Day."*

By ALICE DALGLIESH

FOR SOME time there have been complaints that the secular and commercial aspects of Christmas have taken over and obscured the religious meaning. This Christmas, however, is a decidedly religious one in children's books. And, of course, anything that is charming, meaningful, or original should also find its place on the list of books that merit giving.

While I believe that children should have the fun of Santa Claus, books that try to embellish the myth (Mrs. Santa, elves, and so forth) have never really been worth their salt, except perhaps in Sweden, where the *tomte* seems to epitomize the season. Nor have I found much pleasure, for children or myself, in elaborations or simplifications of the Christmas story. The best telling of it from the standpoint of literature is the one that begins, "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields. . . ." These were the words that Maud and Miska Petersham used several years ago in "The Christ Child," with their own pictures, and I can see the young children I was teaching at that time leaning forward to touch the pictures and saying, "It's beautiful!" The book is still in print and still as good to read aloud at this time of year.

A number of the new books center around the story of the nativity, taking the theme of the animals that kneel and speak at midnight. This stems from old legends, from the twelfth-century carol "The Friendly Beasts," and possibly, farther back, from an ancient miracle play. Any writer who treats the legends afresh must step carefully, for there is that thin line between sentiment and sentimentality. The simplest and most pleasing of the season's picture books is **"Christmas Eve,"** by Edith Thacher Hurd and Clement Hurd (Harper & Row, $2.95). Here Mr. Hurd employs his technique of woodblock against weathered wood to show each and all of the animals as they come in to the misty blue twilight of the stable—the deer remaining outside because of the wide spread of his antlers. Both story and pictures are quite touchingly simple and childlike.

There are also books that are festive and meaningful for anyone. It is not in color-saturation, nor in oversize format, nor in asides to adults that we see development in children's books. It is in an unassuming little book such as **"The Snowy Day,"** by Ezra Jack Keats (Viking, $3), that we find growth in understanding. This is the story of a three- or four-year-old boy who wakes to the miracle of a snowy day, goes out to play, makes a snowman, tries to bring in a snowball, loses it of course, goes to sleep in sorrow, and wakes to the joy of another snowy day. That the boy's skin is brown is never mentioned in the text, so it is for all children.

A REVIEWER may perhaps be allowed to say something about it, because this book, and two others, represent an effort to get away from a certain selfconscious approach to "tolerance," and to present an attractive American child as he is. Ezra Keats is a gifted illustrator; he shows in pictures and story that he has a sympathetic feeling that is rapidly going out of picture books for young children.

The American child, *circa* 1962, may have graduated from textbook illustration, but he is frequently caricatured, presented as a brat (which he *can* be) or as a sophisticated pre-teenager. I prefer "Thumbelina" without eyeshadow! And is it necessary in a picture book to say to children that "reading Grimm's Tales tells someone what we're like inside, just as reading Freud tells him"? Or that "fairy tales remind you of what the world used to be like before people had machines and advertisements and wonder drugs and Social Security"? (Randall Jarrell in his preface to "The Golden Bird," the slickly handsome product of that machine, the four-color press; Macmillan, $1.95).

Is it too late to get back to the child's own world, to let *him* decide what he wants from fairy tale and legend? Will he, in preface or afterword, take these eagerly outstretched adult hands? In life he often resists them.

THE FOX AT THE MANGER. *By P. L. Travers. Wood engravings by Thomas Bewick. Norton. 75 pp.* $3. The author of Mary Poppins has turned to an entirely different type of story. It is one of those betwixt-and-between books, probably best for families to read aloud, for it is *about* children, and the story-within-a-story is an allegory. It begins at a Christmas service in St. Paul's Cathedral, shortly after the war. The narrator is there with three children, who have brought their worn but treasured toys to give to "the poor," and, childlike, refuse to part with them at the crucial moment.

The carol sung by the choir is "The

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Friendly Beasts." One of the children asks why there were no wild animals at the manger. Afterwards the narrator tells the story of how the fox came to the manger and how his gift to the Christ Child was his cunning, a gift that could not be taken back. Without Pamela Travers's personal and convincing explanation of how she feels the fox has been maligned and ill-treated, this may be a little difficult to follow. But why not go along with the story and the children's speculations on what other wild creatures might bring without too close an analysis?

The Bewick wood engravings of animals are printed in orange-brown on gray, or black on orange-brown, which gives the book color, but is not, strictly speaking, the way to reproduce them. They are fairly unimportant when photographed, beautiful when printed directly from the original blocks—something that is seen only in a limited edition. All ages.

THE CHRISTMAS MANGER. *From a Story told by Hugh McCandless. Pictures by Mary E. Little. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. In a somewhat different approach, children give a play in a garage, using real animals and a doll. It takes me back to a performance in our stable when I was about nine and the manger a real one, and it has funny, awkward little incidents similar to ours. There was the moment in our pageant when "Joseph" strode manfully to the manger, plumped the doll into "Mary's" arms and said, "Here's the baby." The ending of this play—be it miracle or not—is just as awkward and unbelievable. But Mary Little has drawn delightful children, who love producing the "pageant," and who may stimulate others to do the same. (Something smaller will have to be substituted for Jake, the ox!) Ages 5-7.

THE YOUNGEST SHEPHERD: A Tale of the Nativity. *By Hal Borland. Drawings by Peter Burchard. Lippincott.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Taking a man's approach to the nativity story, this one begins with the shepherds discussing taxes on the hillside. The story is based on several legends—the animals kneel, flowers blossom in the straw—but it has a different story or legend in it: the bird that is dumb but suddenly learns to sing. In the main it is very well told, and not overly sentimental. Peter Burchard has made the pleasing pictures. Ages 8-10.

GOLDEN CHILD. *By Paul Engle. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Dutton.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. First written as "Western Child," this was the libretto of an opera first given at the University of Iowa, where the poet Paul Engle teaches, and then on television. Under those circumstances it may have been more successful than it is here, deprived of motion and told in prose with songs and a dance interspersed. But it keeps some of its originality, with the feeling of the nativity transferred to the time of the California gold rush. Knowing that her time is near, a pregnant mother, her husband and little girl finish their journey over the mountains on foot, in order to get to Sutter's Fort. The little girl's doll, with its head made from a golden nugget the child has found, excites the greed of the miners, but the birth of the real baby sobers them. This stretches credulity severely, but children may enjoy and perhaps will not question it. Various ages.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM. *Written and illustrated by Maud Petersham. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Maud Petersham, working alone since her husband's death, has made an attractive book that might well be a companion to their Christmas one. "The Shepherd Psalm" has a somewhat fanciful introduction, with King David suddenly bursting joyously into song. But the major part of the book is the twenty-third psalm itself; a small boy goes step by step with a Judean shepherd, whose heroic size and sheltering cloak give a feeling of strength and security, as do the words of the psalm. The book is well designed and the typography pleasing. The text for it is that of the King James Version. Ages 6-10.

BABY ELEPHANT AND THE SECRET WISHES. *By Sesyle Joslin. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. "And now," said Baby Elephant to his relatives, "I have a very important question to ask you."

"What is it?"

It is: "Do you have a secret wish for something you have always wanted?"

At first the wishes were those impossible ones grown-ups might have. And at last, in desperation, Baby Elephant said:

"Haven't you ever had a secret wish that somebody might give you a bright red pot holder trimmed in green? A bright red tobacco pouch trimmed in green? A bright red spectacle case trimmed in green?" Why, of course, those were their most secret of secret wishes, and Baby Elephant is shown triumphantly putting his gifts under the tree. It is, in general, very childlike with amusing pictures. Ages 4-8.

KANGAROO FOR CHRISTMAS. *Story and pictures by James Flora. Harcourt, Brace & World. Unpaged.* $2.95. A slapstick, pratfall book, this might be used to relieve the tension before Christmas, because laughter will do just that. Kathy gets a kangaroo for Christmas and rides all over town on its back with disastrous but, to small children, amusing results. Though not a permanent story, something is going on every minute in gaily colored and decorative, semi-cartoon pictures. Ages 5-9.

THE MAGIC FLUTE. *With musical themes by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Adapted and illustrated by John Updike and Warren Chappell. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Nutcracker," which contain musical themes from the ballets, are now joined by Mozart's opera in this companion volume. John Updike has told the story well, and it may be used with or without the musical themes. That the artist has a more difficult assignment than the previous ones is evident, for the stout Bird Catcher, the Queen of the Night, and the semi-Egyptian setting are difficult to portray with lightness of touch. It does, however, present an unusual story that children will enjoy. All ages.

—*From "The Secret Garden."*

THE SECRET GARDEN. *By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Pictures by Tasha Tudor.* 256 *pp. Lippincott.* $5. Although this book is fifty years old, children still love it for its good storytelling and that element of mystery in its Secret Garden. It is now available with new color pictures and a rose-garlanded jacket showing Mary about to open the door to the garden. Victorian illustrations exactly match the sentimental story of the neurotic boy who is helped toward health by a friendly, determined little girl. Ages 8-12.

THE CAT AND MRS. CARY. *By Doris Gates. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Viking.* 216 *pp.* $3.50. As The Cat says in this story, "It's the unlikely which keeps all our lives from being a dead cinch." And it's the unlikely that helps to make many a mystery story readable. Here The Cat comes to live with Mrs. Cary, and he is a talking cat, quite free with his opinions. Only Mrs. Cary can understand him. When her nephew comes to visit, mysterious happenings previously noted begin to crystallize. With the help of The Cat, an old attic having many bird cages is found—and treasure is in the cages. A ring of smugglers is discovered, though why they smuggle parakeets does not seem to be explained. The pleasure of the story is mostly in the quality of the writing and in the amusing characters. Only Peggy Bacon could have drawn that redoubtable character The Cat. Ages 9-12.

THE DIAMOND IN THE WINDOW. *By Jane Langton. Pictures by Erik Blegvad. Harper & Row.* 242 *pp.* $2.95. As this unusual book opens, Eleanor and Edward, living with their Aunt Lily in Concord, Mass., are having a somewhat jolting experience. A selectman approaches Aunt Lily on the subject of taxes: she is $712 in arrears. But can the house—this monstrosity (shown on the jacket)—be near Walden Pond, in Concord, cradle of American liberty, home of Emerson and Louisa May Alcott? Nevertheless, Eleanor and Edward happen to like the house, and they go exploring in its octagonal attic. From this point the reader must leave reality and let himself drift with the story, in which the children, changing their size, drift backwards and forwards in dream adventure between past and present. There is everything in the story: Transcendentalism, the Chambered Nautilus (they go inside it), an Indian prince who was in love with Aunt Lily, lost children who reappear, a diamond—all held together by a mysterious treasure hunt. Characterizations are clear, but for the story itself one has to float with the tide and enjoy it. Ages 10 up.

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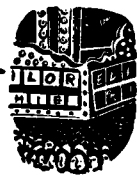

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Electra Becomes a Film

UNDOUBTEDLY there are purists who will continue to quarrel with the astonishing revival of Greek tragedy in film. Because film directors feel a duty to be cinematic and are therefore wont to dispense with words supposedly chiseled in antiquity, and stylized gestures frozen in accordance with what we are told is tradition, there is opinion to the effect that motion pictures are a poor medium with which to capture the true power, the stark emotions of these remarkable classics. Harold Clurman, a drama critic I respect greatly, did not react as I did to the recent "Antigone." He had been much more impressed by stagings of the work in Greece, and the filmed "Antigone" somehow left him cold, so to speak. Yet, for many of us, something pristine managed to come through, helped by the powerful performances of Manos Katrakis and Irene Pappas.

I find myself even more enthusiastic about the **"Electra"** made by Michael Cacoyannis, a distinguished Greek director, known here for "Stella" and "The Girl in Black." Miss Pappas has the title role again, and somehow this dark-eyed young woman has grown even more magnificent between films. I should say at once that this is not the "Electra" of Sophocles, with its scene the palace of the Pelopidae in Mycenae, but the less familiar and more pastoral version of Euripides, chosen by Mr. Cacoyannis for, first of all, its simplicity, and secondly, because he could show his actors against a mournful Greek countryside. And it is almost as though he had planted them, so naturally do they blend with the landscape.

Electra, Orestes, and Clytemnestra speak modern Greek in the film, of course. The classical language is almost as unfamiliar to the Greek population as it is to us. There has been a translation then, and further, an adaptation into a film-play by the director, with a quite purposeful elimination of a great deal of the original text. What is left? A beautiful, flowing, filmic evocation of the drama. The original audiences must have felt awe and horror when they heard that King Agamemnon had been trapped and slain by his wife, Clytemnestra. Now the camera shows this terrible scene to us, and afterward the accusing presence of Electra, until she is at last married off to a poor farmer. Scene by scene the play is not so much constructed as reconstructed, the camera (in the hands of Walter Lassally) always there to find the precise attitude, the exact composition that will effect us most.

When Orestes at last reveals himself to his sister, Electra, she gives a strange cry. It is a moment that is probably one of the most haunting ever put on film, and, on second viewing, I was just as chilled and shaken by it—I don't quite know why, other than that Miss Pappas gives it greatness. More than worthy of mention, too, is the musical score by Mikos Theodrakis, who has found sounds neither ancient nor modern, but altogether suited to the mood. The Clytemnestra of Aleka Catselli is a vivid one, Manos Katratkis is seen more briefly this time as the Preceptor, and Yannis Fertis is the sensitive, fate-driven Orestes. The subtitles are clear and unobtrusive, made almost unnecessary by the eloquence Mr. Cacoyannis has achieved on the screen.

I WISH the news of another classic, **"Taras Bulba,"** just arrived on the screen, were as heartening, but it isn't. This Harold Hecht production, filmed largely in Argentina and directed by J. Lee Thompson, is based about as loosely as possible on the historical epic written by Nikolai Gogol before he was twenty-five. It is a story of the Ukrainian Cossacks and their battles with the Poles, placed in the period between 1550 and 1630. This much is kept, as are the figures of Taras Bulba and his two sons, Andrei and Ostap. Beyond that, the imaginations of the screenwriters have taken over, and these imaginations were obviously bidden to find a role for Tony Curtis. They have made him Andrei, who has the curious task of making a hero out of a traitor to the Cossacks. As in the novel, it was for the love of a Polish girl, but beyond that the similarity tends to disappear.

Mr. Thompson has tried to make up for a flimsy script with some fine shots of Cossacks riding the plains, brandishing curved swords, dancing and leaping at every opportunity. Yul Brynner plays Taras with one hand on his sword, the other on a cross that hangs from his neck. He loves his son with such fierce, affectionate pride that he is constantly knocking him down. He is less enthusiastic about his other son, Ostap, perhap because he is not a big star. Christine Kauffmann is the Polish girl, beautiful but immobile. Mr. Curtis is active, but seems unhappy.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO ALL

Saturday Review

SUBSCRIBERS

Next week's Saturday Review will be dated December 29, 1962 instead of December 22 . . . and will be the second annual year end issue. As it was last year, this will be a *double* number, containing—in addition to the regular *Recordings* section—reviews, forecasts, articles and features appropriate to the year end.

Although there will be a good deal of extra editorial material in the December 29th issue, there will be no increase in the newsstand price.

And because there will be no issue dated December 22, all Saturday Review subscriptions are being extended for an additional week.

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

DORIS DAY
STEPHEN BOYD
JIMMY DURANTE
MARTHA RAYE
IN BILLY ROSE'S
"JUMBO"
Produced by Joe Pasternak
and Martin Melcher
Directed by Charles Walters
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS
AND LORENZ HART
An M-G-M Picture in
Panavision and MetroColor

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"—Far-famed pageant of the First Christmas, and . . .
"HAPPY HOLIDAYS"—Merry new extravaganza with celebrated Rockettes, Ballet Company, Vocal Ensemble, soloists, specialty acts and Symphony Orchestra.

IN NEW YORK'S THEATRES

BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR!
5 TONY AWARDS
CRITICS CIRCLE PRIZE
EMLYN WILLIAMS
THOMAS GOMEZ
GEORGE ROSE
in ROBERT BOLT'S
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
also starring ALBERT DEKKER
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of Broadway Cir 6-6270
Eves. at 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

"MAGNIFICENT!"—*Chapman, News*
KATHRYN GRAYSON
WILLIAM SQUIRE
ARTHUR TREACHER
in LERNER & LOEWE'S
CAMELOT
also starring Robert Peterson
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 44 St. W. of Broadway
Eves. at 8:35: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:35

"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN OF THE MUSICAL THEATRE!" — Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
New Musical Hit Starring
RICHARD KILEY
DIAHANN CARROLL
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book by SAMUEL TAYLOR
BROADHURST THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Eves: 8:30: Mats. Wed. 2:00 & Sat. 2:30

YOU HELP MORE THE UNITED WAY

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Winter Pinter

HAROLD PINTER, whose "The Caretaker" was last season's best Broadway play, is back this winter at Off-Broadway's Cherry Lane with an interesting double bill. The first of the two short pieces, "**The Dumbwaiter,**" is an early work and constitutes a portrait of men in limbo, waiting not for salvation as in "Godot," but for an impersonal act of violence. In it two thugs are holed up in a shabby room beneath an abandoned restaurant in preparation for "a job," in which both victim and commissioning party remain nameless and faceless. The play merely provides material manifestations of this pair's subconscious anxieties. Since their forthcoming act of professional homicide is absurd, the instructions they receive via a dumbwaiter and a "blower" are amusingly fantastic as they are asked to send up a variety of exotic dishes. And the mystifying violent ending is not to be analyzed but simply to be accepted and appreciated as an essentially true nightmare.

Such a play requires that the performers also avoid logical clarity, and give us instead intense concentration on their emotional fears and concerns. As of opening night, neither director Alan Schneider nor actors Dana Elcar and John C. Becher had quite achieved this sort of performance, with the result that the audience felt encouraged—as they had not been in "The Caretaker"—to try to unravel the play's deliberate inexplicabilities.

The second and newer piece, "**The Collection,**" is considerably more effective. Again Mr. Pinter is purposely avoiding making clear the literal event, and is instead attempting to describe the anxiety it evokes. In this case the event is a reported one-night love affair between a married woman and a young man, who is permanently attached to a sophisticated, older male benefactor with whom he lives. And the aim of the play seems to be to make the exact details of this supposed casual adultery of minor importance. What Mr. Pinter is interested in is exploring the reactions of his four characters to the aftermath, as the action moves fascinatingly back and forth between the four locations designer William Ritman has so beautifully combined in one multiple set on the tiny Cherry Lane stage.

As the young man, Bill, James Patterson is remarkably vital as he portrays a physical coward exploiting his temporary advantages over stronger opponents. His protector, Harry, is nicely portrayed by Henderson Forsythe, who catches the utter ruthlessness of a man defending his carefully constructed domination of Bill. And James Ray as the wronged husband, stronger than Bill, but weaker than Harry or his wife, displays a high degree of sensitivity and discipline. The shorter role of the wife is the most difficult of all, and for some reason Mr. Schneider has allowed Patricia Roe, who plays it, to end the play with a Cheshire Cat smile in response to her husband's question about her infidelity. Thus she gives a false final accent to a play that is otherwise masterfully true in both writing and performance.

Indeed "The Collection" proves that Pinter is not confined to writing so-called "kitchen drama," and suggests that his technique and sense of construction would easily qualify him to write a modern masterpiece involving the private anxieties of public figures.

SPACE does not permit discussion at this point of other new offerings. "**Lord Pengo**" turns S. N. Behrman's portrait of Duveen into a sentimental and monotonous study of a compulsive art dealer who keeps throwing away the valuable part of his life for the empty pleasure of selling paintings to rich clients, who buy them for the wrong reason. "**Never Too Late**" is a thin and not very well written domestic comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that will make you laugh, primarily because of Paul Ford's

Thurber-like performance as a tightwad husband, and Orson Bean's yelping resentment of finding himself in the indefensible position of being the underpaid employee obliged to live with his father-in-law employer. And Orson Welles's adaptation of Melville's "**Moby Dick**" is worth seeing just for the sheer theatricality of a scene in which actors and simple props are manipulated to create a storm at sea; but the too-unrelieved, declamatory style of production tends to drown out the most interesting elements of the story.

—HENRY HEWES.

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The New Continent—5. Sheba Slept Here

IT SEEMS only a short time ago that Ethiopian tribesmen were defending themselves from the grandeur of Mussolini's legions with spears, yet the other day I saw in the paper that Ethiopian Airlines had taken delivery of a pair of jetliners and was about to fly them home to Addis Ababa.

I'm not at all sure that Ethiopia has made quite the progress that the delivery of the jets would on the face of it imply, nor am I convinced that the land offers all the travel comforts and excitements that one might read into the rather spirited campaign that has been generated by its newly organized office of travel promotion. Addis Ababa, when I was there this fall, seemed to me to be a city with certain isolated fascinations, but with no character which I could either grasp or define. Even if I make allowances for the gloom of the autumn rains, the city is a nondescript settlement perched at such an inordinate height that the evolution of an idea leaves one panting. The city's saving grace is its people, dark-skinned, fine-featured descendants of a Semitic-Sabaean civilization on whose genealogy one could ruminate for endless days. Perhaps three thousand years before Christ, Semitic peoples moved south to intermarry with the Hamitic population.

And then there is the romantic story of the royal lineage of Haile Selassie, whose lines are said to be traceable to Menelik I, first king of Ethiopia, who was born of a liaison between the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, to whom she paid a state visit.

The people ruled by this Solomonic dynasty speak Amharic, a language which bears certain similarities to Hebrew, and surrounded as the nation is by Moslem influences, they worship as Christians in the Coptic Rite. The Ecumenical Conference in Rome was somewhat startled recently when the mass celebrated by the visiting Archbishop of Addis Ababa was enriched with drumbeats, hand clapping, bell ringing and chants. St. Peter's, a theologian reported, "was jumping in a solemn sort of way."

I happened to have been in Addis Ababa not long ago when the whole city jumped in honor of St. Tekle Haimanot, a day, though I had not previously been acquainted with Tekle Haimanot, I shall not soon forget. An enormous crush of people surged over the muddy grounds where the ceremony was being held, and while I tried to follow behind an Ethiopian friend who was knifing his way through the phalanx of humanity, I was trying, with equal difficulty, to maintain my footing in the ooze. The women wore the *shama,* a garment of cotton gauze, loosely woven as a bandage and just as white. As a headdress, many of them affected a netted snood. Irridescent colors in brilliant red and shocking green were the favorites. When we finally worked our way to the small clearing where the heart of the religious ceremony was already underway, I was, I must admit, somewhat startled to find two rows of priests in white robes and turbans dancing back and forth, towards each other and then backing away like a file of folk dancers. The priests themselves shook small instruments of loosely tied metal pieces that one might find at a carnival, but the beat was maintained by a cadre of drummers. Among the ecclesiastical personages, several carried bright, red velvet, gold-fringed umbrellas. Clustered on the steps of the church were bearded, dark-skinned priests in brilliant robes and bright turbans standing under canopies heavily draped with rich fabrics of gold, maroon and turquoise.

When the dancing was done and the drums quiet, the archbishop appeared, severe in black, and began a recitation of the life history of the saint, who had lived ninety-nine years, ten months and ten days, who was a great monk, who had prayed standing in one place for seven years, a feat which caused him to lose a leg. The recitation was delivered in Geez, the liturgical language from which Amharic is derived, and when the archbishop reached the high points in the career of Tekle Haimanot, the women erupted in their high-pitched wail, beating their tongues against their palettes and emitting a shrill *la-la-la-la-la,* like the sound of soprano crickets breaking the silence of a thicket at night. It stirred me then, no less than it had when I had heard it come swirling off the tongues of Arab women in the North African cemeteries on memorial days.

When the ceremony was over and the drums packed, the crowd surged out again, flooding the narrow gates and carrying us with it. But suddenly spaces would open up before us and there in the clearing I would see a footless or armless beggar with horrendous lesions on his remaining limbs. Without thinking, I fought to keep my footing in the muck lest the crowd send me sliding into the arms of these diseased persons. Only later did I find out they were lepers.

ADDIS, as the city is loosely called by its English-speaking colony, does have one reasonably stately quarter, where the new Africa Hall faces the Jubilee Palace. Some modern apartment houses are scattered nearby and the view sweeps off to the mountains and the surrounding stands of eucalyptus with pockets of fog stored in their treetops. Africa Hall, a sort of UN of the New Continent, would seem to be Haile Selassie's own bid for leadership among the myriad of new nations that now interlock across the face of Africa. Designed, ironically enough, by an Italian—the memories of the massacres are still green here—it is easily the best building in Ethiopia. Its main hall is dominated by a huge block of stained glass showing an African in white tunic and white trousers holding aloft—what else?—the flaming torch of freedom, behind him the broken shackles of colonialism. The

—*H.S.*

Arusi Galla Woman—Skin skirts, plaited hair, bandoleers of beads.

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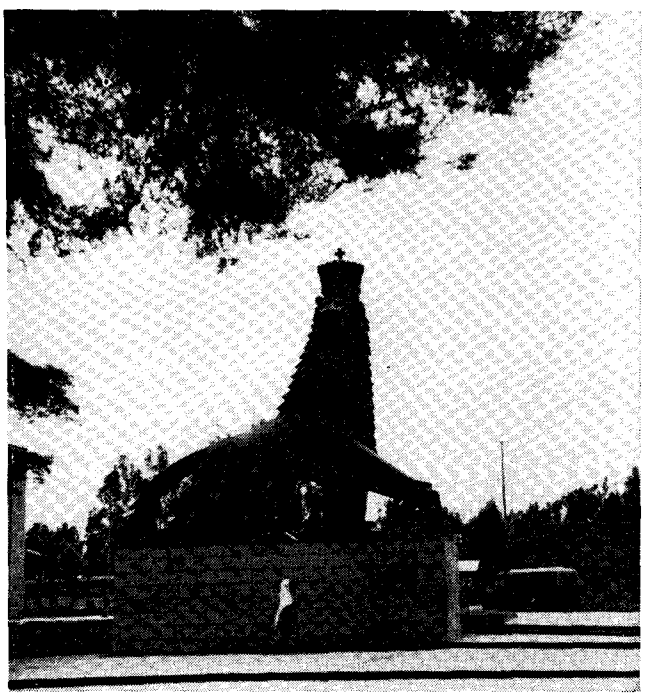
conference hall, where African problems are presumably being thrashed out among Africans before East or West can see them, is done in UN blue, with microphones and earphones at the seats. There is a gallery upstairs for the use of His Majesty and the Crown Prince, and behind their royal pew, seats for visiting dignitaries.

THE use and nomenclature of the various palaces in Addis Ababa may prove rather perplexing for the visitor since the Emperor seems to have pursued a hobby of tiring of them and turning them over to other uses. He now lives in the Jubilee Palace (having given the former royal abode to the new Haile Selassie University), which was originally built as a guest house. Since the day it opened in 1955, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Haile Selassie's reign, it has housed King Saud, Richard Nixon, Tito, and King Hussein. Besides the Emperor, it also



—H.S.

Lion of Judah—Also Sheba's trip on dik dik skin.

is the home for a pair of cheetahs who are sometimes paraded on a leash, for some royal lions who live in a cageless lair separated from the edible citizens by a moat, and for a nyala, a type of antelope that is unique to the Ethiopian bush.

One expansive retreat on a hilltop was built as a summer palace, later became a billet for visiting dignitaries, and now, as the Ghion, is the leading hotel of Addis. At that it leaves plenty to be desired, especially by those who have been spoiled by the comforts of Nairobi. Architects, as I have come to realize with each new hotel I visit, have strange ways indeed, a thought I reflected upon every time I picked my way to my room along a path that led through the middle of the dining salon. The Ras, downtown, is hardly an improvement, and what Addis needs to make good its dreams of tourism is a new Hilton, rumors of which are being actively bandied about the capital these days. Even the Hilton hierarchy talks of it, but so far no steel rises from the ground.

Rugs of shaggy colobus monkey fur are peddled to likely looking tourist cars about town, and another popular item are the primitive paintings that recite, in funny-paper fashion, such celebrated events in Ethiopian history as Sheba's trip to Jerusalem (also available on *dik dik* skin) and Menelik II's defeat of the Italians at Aduwa in 1896. Coptic crosses, lion's claws in bracelets, ostrich eggs, and spears carried by the Arusi tribesmen are on display in the market, still called *mercato*, a semantic holdover from the Italian days. Ethiopia, among its riches, has its own deposits of gold, and one or two shops carry some handsome items—gold-and-ivory cigarette holders, broad gold filigreed wedding bands, and golden sunbursts embossed with a gold Lion of Judah, all of them sold by weight.

No visitor's stay in Addis seems proper—hell, it probably isn't even legal—without at least one appearance at the Addis Ababa restaurant for an Ethiopian meal. The restaurant, all that I could see of it, occupies the central foyer of an old house that was once the property of an Empress. The circular room is divided by bamboo partitions into alcoves which have been fitted out with couches covered by rugs and stools draped with colobus monkey hides. A boy comes around with a brass pitcher of water and a bar of soap and one is treated to the comfort of washing right at the table. Thereafter, the waiter removes the table, made of woven basketry. When he brings it back a short while later, the top of the table is covered with an enormous fold (called *injera*) that resembles a thin sheet of murky foam rubber. Helpings of stew called *wat*, and a boiled egg are dropped on the *injera*. One is called upon to tear a piece of *injera*, and, using it as a combination glove and sop, pick up a bit of stew and eat the whole handful, foam rubber and all. The local libation, called *tej*, is a mead of fermented honey which is quaffed from a small carafe rather like a vinegar jug.

The place was full of *wat* eaters the night I was there, but although there were a number of Ethiopians on hand to give advice and instruction, every table included at least one Caucasian visitor being initiated into the rites of the Ethiopian—may Brillat-Savarin pardon me—kitchen. Much more sophisticated premises had recently opened at a place called the Sheba, a membership club where the lights are dim, the ceiling is straw, the alcoves dark, the music hi-fi, and the walls, every last inch of them, paved with hides of the hapless colobus monkey.

Such links with the cosmopolitan Western world fall quickly away when you drive out of Addis and hit the highway to the hinterlands. Perhaps highway is putting it a bit strongly, for eventually (and much too soon) the hard surface ends, giving way to crushed rock and dirt. On the path we took, towards a new resort on the shores of Lake Awasa, we came upon the strange Arusi Gallas whose women wear skirts of skins which they knead with butter and milk to make them soft. They plait their hair and wear their bosoms bare, but decorate their necks with bandoleers of beads, and their upper arms with heavy bracelets of brass. Top it all off with an umbrella opened to shield the hot sun, and it makes a fetching and unusual portrait. The men, not nearly so colorful, trundle along beside them, carrying spears and encouraging the ladies to pose for photographs, for pay, of course.

At Hora Abaya, a lake at which we paused on the way, there were fish eagles in the trees, and crown cranes and bee eaters on the shores, but the surface of the lake was covered with hordes of pink flamingoes, and white pelicans—enough to make of this isolated corner of Africa, a superb rookery that would bring the bird watchers a-running.

The flamingoes, who migrate from Europe and Asia in August and stay until May, come as well to the shores of Lake Awasa, where I found a displaced Westphalian named Hans Pauly running a pleasant, if secluded little inn. He has sixteen rooms, rather handsomely and comfortably gotten up, a central lodge for dining and socializing, a lady chef imported from Germany, a pair of golden children who are terrified of hyena cries, and a wife who does her gardening while carefully avoiding the puff adders which now and then come to sniff the flowers.

On the way back home we were flagged down by a pair of more mercenary Arusi Galla tribeswomen who, brown and bare-breasted, were eager to

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ansermet's "Pelleas," Bachauer's Beethoven

WERE Claude Debussy to be granted the indulgence of eternity to observe the Metropolitan's 'Pelléas" in the centenary year of his birth, he could not say, however modestly, "You do me too much honor," for this is a patchwork of a production with formidable deficiencies on every side. But assuming he (or his shade) could be induced to listen to some of it, led by Ernest Ansermet in his debut as a conductor of opera at the Metropolitan, he might observe "Ah! You Swiss—what Frenchmen you are!"

For, in the decades since "Pelléas" was admitted to the Metropolitan's repertory in the mid-Twenties, no conductor has judged, so well as Ansermet, the values of the score in the frame of space in which it is being performed. There have been others of quality, especially Pierre Monteux. But the conception frequently advanced by Ansermet at home in Geneva (and known to many from a recording) is drawn to a scale which makes the perception of Debussy's purpose the first order of business — which is of course, as it should be.

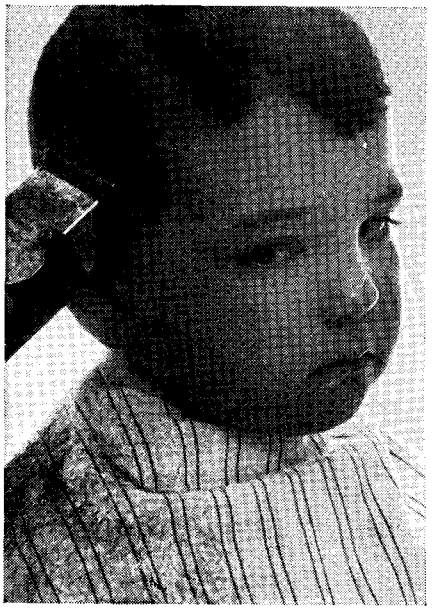
This begins with the orchestra in the pit, which Ansermet treats as something more than a mere commentary on the action. It is rather a physical element of the drama, like the waters surrounding Golaud's castle, swelling, rising, receding, but always bearing, as on a swirling wave, the destiny of the humans involved. Added to his keen sense of texture are the powers of persuasion to make the Metropolitan's fine solo orchestral players eager extentions of his will.

As the values of the stage effort evolved, what was happening suggested not so much the pairing of the title as something like "Pelléas et Golaud." The center of dramatic gravity early settled on the contest of the brothers, impersonated by Theodor Uppman and George London, with some rearrangement of customary emphasis, though in a way that was not without interest. Uppman's Pelléas has matured vocally since he first sang it with Maggie Teyte at the City Center (1948), while retaining a well-gaited youthfulness and a kind of gentility that explain his attraction for Mélisande. Grating against this is London's practised Golaud, more assertive than the average, but so well scaled that one can comprehend, from the start, the effect on Mélisande that will drive her toward Pelléas. This is rather more motivation than the average performance of opera provides, and Debussy's is one that can profit from all it can get. Jerome Hines's stately but firm Arkel gives two generations of credence to the characters of his grandsons, as Blanche Thebom's well-mannered Genevieve does to her children of different fathers.

In a round of characterizations so well advanced toward credibility it is unfortunate that one of the more essential is presently below the general level. This is the Mélisande of Anna Moffo, which has many qualities to commend it, all downgraded by her lack of background in the part. She looks well, she sometimes moves with assurance, and her vocal effort was all in the right direction. But as a characterization, it is all too much of the here and now, too little suggestive of the remote, perhaps non-existent, world imagined by Maeterlinck and realized by Debussy. Perhaps when the music has become as much a part of Miss Moffo as some other roles she sings, and the generation of feeling is from the inside out, she will come closer to being the Mélisande for which she is so well equipped in voice and physique. Quite the best of the female performers was the minuscule Teresa Stratas, who bore herself well as the child Yniold, and sang out much more than its customary performer. In any case, as long as Ansermet remains in charge, the current "Pelléas" is a rare kind of operatic experience in which a steady view of a totality transcends this or that insufficiency. While the audience registered its favor in the usual way, the orchestra put its "stamp" of approval on their conductor with the rumble of sound heard from the pit before Act IV.

PERSONS accustomed to phrase their recollections of Beethoven's G major Concerto (No. 4) in terms of Schnabel, Hess, Gieseking, Novaes and Serkin (among others) found good reason to add the name of Gina Bachauer to the succession in her recent performance with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Sir John Barbirolli. Most times previously, Bachauer and pianistic power have seemed a mental equation in her mind, as though to prove that her sex is no barrier to domination of the keyboard. But, as the citations above suggest, sex has never been a barrier to the domination of the special keyboard challenge contained in Beethoven's G major Concerto, and

(*Continued on page* 39)



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When a very small boy has his hair cut, the clippers make a harsh buzz—a nervous, exciting sound. Yet the same machine gives off only a dull hum when it's used on a man.

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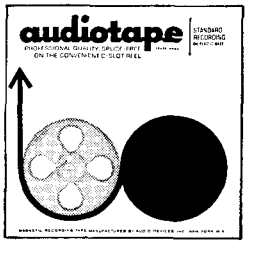

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Recommended Recordings: Jazz and Popular

With a view toward simplifying shopping for the jazz buffs on your list, Recordings offers this resume of the year's choice records as selected by five contributors to these pages. The individual selections follow a short list of special albums, anthologies, collections, etc. of unusual interest. Each segment of the general listing is preceded by the name of the reviewer from whose comments the recommendation was extracted.

Anthologies and Specials

"Jazz"—Reissues from the Roulette catalog, featuring Sarah Vaughan; Count Basie; Dinah Washington; Maynard Ferguson; Erroll Garner; Charlie Parker; Zoot Sims; Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, and many others. Ten records, available in one package or in two sets of five discs each, mono or stereo (Artia-Parliament).

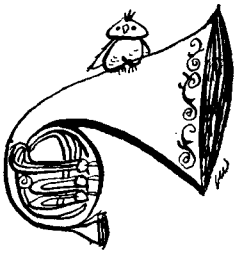
"Chicago: Living Legends." Old timers on these two discs (available separately) include Alberta Hunter; Lovie Evans and Her Blues Serenaders; Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars; Mama Yancey, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Lil Armstrong, *et al.* (Riverside).

"The Real Ambassadors." Louis Armstrong's Band, Dave Brubeck's Quartet, with Carmen McRae and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross (Columbia).

"Swing Street." 64 samplings of 52nd Street jazz vintage 1933-1943, with Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Max Kaminsky, Stuff Smith, Jonah Jones, Wingy Manone, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, John Kirby, Bunny Berigan, Maxine Sullivan, Mildred Bailey, Jack Teagarden, Slam Stewart, Slim Gaillard, Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, and more (Epic, 4 discs, mono only).

"Who's Who in the Swinging Sixties." Dave Brubeck; Sir Charles Thompson; Louis Armstrong; Gerry Mulligan; Chico Hamilton; Miles Davis; Carmen McRae; the Jazz All-Stars; Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; Andre Previn; J. J. Johnson; Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton (Columbia).

"Mildred Bailey's Greatest Performances, 1929-1946." Some classics, some previously unreleased material. Assisting are Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, Benny Goodman, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Herschel Evans, Eddie Sauter, Mitch Miller, Jo Jones, and others (Columbia, 3 discs, mono only).



"Benny Goodman in Moscow." Recordings made during recent Russian tour, featuring BG with orchestra, quintet, septet and octet, and with Zoot Sims and Joe Newman prominent among the personnel (RCA Victor, 2 discs).

"Billie Holiday, the Golden Years." With Teddy Wilson, Lester Young, and Count Basie's Orchestra (Columbia, 3 discs, mono only).

Stanley Dance

Nat Adderley: "Great Big Band and Friends," with Benny Bailey, Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson, Toots Thielmans, and the Harry Arnold Orchestra, Stockholm (Jazzland).

Manny Albam: "Jazz Goes to the Movies," with big band, featuring the late Eddie Costa (Impulse).

Ray Brown: "With the All-Star Big Band," including Cannonball Adderley, Brown, and arranger-conductor Ernie Wilkins (Verve).

Milt Buckner: "Midnight Mood," with Johnny Pate and Maurice Sinclaire (Argo).

Billy Byers: "Impressions of Duke Ellington." Byers, trombonist-conductor, with a 21-piece band (Mercury).

Joe Carroll: "Man with a Happy Sound," with Specs Williams, Connie Lester, Grant Green and Lee Ausley (Charlie Parker label).

Herman Chittison: "That's All" (L'Elegant).

Buck Clayton and Buddy Tate: "Buck and Buddy Blow the Blues" (Swingville).

Hank Crawford: "From the Heart," with members of the Ray Charles Band (Atlantic).

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Johnny Griffin: "Blues Up and Down" (Jazzland).

Ella Fitzgerald: "Rhythm Is My Business," with Bill Doggett and big band. (Verve).

Jody and Susie Edwards: "Butterbeans and Susie," with Dicky Wells, Sidney De Paris, *et al.* (Festival).

Johnny Griffin and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: "Tough Tenor Favorites" (Jazzland).

Slide Hampton: "Jazz with a Twist" (Atlantic).

Coleman Hawkins: "The Jazz Version of 'No Strings'" (Moodsville); "Good Old Broadway" (Moodsville); "Desafinado" (Impulse).

Neal Hefti: "Jazz Pops," with thirty-piece orchestra (Reprise).

Jon Hendricks: "Fast Livin' Blues" (Columbia).

Jonah Jones: "Jazz Bonus" (Capitol).

Barney Kessel: "Let's Cook" (Contemporary).

Donald Lambert: "Giant Stride" (Solo Art).

Ramsey Lewis Trio: "Country Meets the Blues" (Argo).

Memphis Slim: "Memphis Slim, U.S.A.," with Jazz Gillum and Arbee Stidham (Candid).

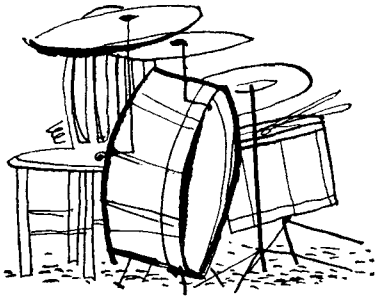
The Metronomes: "Something Big," with ensemble conducted by arranger Melba Liston (Jazzland).

Charlie Mingus: "Tijuana Moods" (RCA Victor).

Marlowe Morris: "Play the Thing," Morris, organ, with Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Buddy Tate, *et al.* (Columbia).

Odetta: "Odetta and the Blues" (Riverside); "Sometimes I Feel Like Cryin'" (RCA Victor).

Singleton Palmer: "Dixie by Gaslight" (Norman).



Horace Parlan: "Headin' South" (Blue Note).

Dave Pell Sextet: "I Remember John Kirby" (Capitol).

Oscar Peterson: "The Sound of the Trio," with Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen, recorded live at the London House in Chicago (Verve).

Oscar Pettiford: "Last Recordings," from 1959-1960 Copenhagen sessions, with young Danish and Swedish players (Jazzland).

Reuben Phillips: "Big Bad Band at the Apollo" (Ascot).

Nat Pierce: "Big Band at the Savoy Ballroom," featuring Buck Clayton (RCA Victor).

Billie Poole: "Sermonette," with orchestra under Jimmie Jones (Riverside).

Ike Quebec: "Heavy Soul," with Freddie Roach, Milt Hinton and Al Harewood (Blue Note).

Horace Silver: "The Tokyo Blues" (Blue Note).

Jimmy Smith: "Bashin," Smith, organ, with 16-piece band on side A, guitar and drums on side B (Verve).

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Jimmy Smith: "Plays Fats Waller," with Quentin Warren and Donald Bailey (Blue Note).
Sonny Stitt: "Low Flame," with Paul Weeden, Don Patterson and Billy James (Jazzland).
Buddy Tate: "Groovin' with Buddy Tate" (Swingville).
Billy Taylor: "Impromptu" (Mercury).
Joe Turner: "Jumpin' the Blues," with Pete Johnson and ensembles—reissues of 12 West Coast recordings of 1948-49 (Arhoolie, mono only).
Clark Terry: "Plays the Jazz Version of 'All American'" (Moodsville).
Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson: "Back Door Blues," with Cannonball Adderley and others (Riverside).
Ben Webster and Sweets Edison: "One Together" (Columbia).
Ben Webster and Jimmy Witherspoon: "Roots" (Reprise).
Cootie Williams: "The Solid Trumpet of Cootie Williams" (Moodsville).
Sol Yaged: "Jazz at the Metropole," with Coleman Hawkins, Benny Morton, others (Philips).

Mait Edey

Ray Charles: "The Genius Sings the Blues" (Atlantic).
Terry Edwards and Howard McGhee: "Together Again," with Phineas Newborn, Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen (Contemporary).
Stan Getz and Eddie Sauter: "Focus." Getz, tenor; Roy Haynes, drums, and 18 strings conducted by Hershy Kay (Verve).
Dizzy Gillespie: "An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet," featuring Lalo Schifrin among others (Verve).
The Elmo Hope Quintet and the Jazz Messengers (Pacific Jazz).
Claude Hopkins: "Let's Jam" (Swingville).
Gary McFarland: "How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying" (Verve).
Martial Solal: Piano, with Guy Pedersen, bass, and Daniel Humair, drums (Capitol).

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Vaughn Meader—"virtuoso performance."

"Mr. President" vs "The First Family"

TWO views of the White House and its occupants which are newly available on disks pose such interesting contrasts in modes and manners of dealing with that august subject that comparison can hardly be resisted. One is the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin musical "Mr. President" (Columbia stereo KOS 2270, $6.98, mono KOL 5870, $5.98), long publicized and so skilfully presold that it could run a year without another ticket being purchased. The other is the Vaughn Meader-George Foster-Bob Booker-Earle Doud lampoon "The First Family" (Cadence stereo CLP 25060, $4.98 mono CLP 3060 $3.98), of which nothing was known a month ago but which promises to decorate more Christmas trees this year than tinsel.

By a strange inversion of values, the Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin treatment, based on delicacy, tact and lack of readily identifiable characteristics of any one individual, makes the President seem rather a fool and the White House a kind of empty honor. On the other hand, the Meader darts and shafts at the foibles and fantasies of the First Family leave one with the feeling that it is a pretty splendid system that can indulge such laughter at its own expense, and a family unit of unmistakable community which can support the far from unfriendly, however pitiless, satiric treatment.

It's no accident of course. Lindsay-Crouse-Berlin have, among them, something like two hundred years, whereas Meader and his associates are as contemporary as space craft. The "Let's not offend anyone" attitude that dominates "Mr. President" may be the way the White House looks to some senior citizens, but it makes a glorified song and dance team of Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray, who are its protagonists-without-party. The yearning for yesteryear proclaimed in "Let's Go Back to the Waltz" is disclaimed in a later roll of the theatrical dice to give the piece a "present" premise in "The Washington Twist," but the total mood can never be reclaimed from Berlin's involvement with a long musical past. He has done too much good work of his own level for anything to mar that record: but I cannot hear anything in "Mr. President" which falls outside his own formulae or those of others. He has, himself, said that there are seven basic musical patterns which he has been varying all these years; but did he intend, too, to remind us of "all alone" and "telephone," "The girl that I marry" and "The host with the most" in his lyrics? So far as the record is evidence, "Mr. President" is a musically weak, lyrically passé affair, however well performed under the musical direction of Jay Blackton.

By contrast, the "laugh and let laugh" attitude proclaimed by Meader and company in "The First Family" sounds a freshly contemporary note in which affection can be mingled with insight, and the mockery of a manner is no indictment of the validity of that manner to its owner. For in addition to being a marvelous mimic, Meader is the beneficiary of some astutely observed material by George Foster (in collaboration with Booker and Doud). Grouped into nearly a score of sequences which deal with both the personal and the political aspects of the First Family's life, it gives range and scope to Meader's virtuoso performance by introducing other apt mimics of the Jackie voice, the Bobby voice, and sundry others peripheral to them. They have even invented some new Caroline jokes, which is a test of originality second, hardly, to any other.

THOUGH no useful purpose would be served by separating the written effects from the spoken, it is almost impossible to avoid allusion to the one called "But Vote!" in which a spokesman is heard exhorting the public to vote, not to sacrifice the franchise or forgo the greatest privilege of democracy but, "vote for the Kennedy of your choice!": or to the press-conference question "When will we send a man to the moon?" and the answer "Whenever Senator Goldwater is ready to go": or at the announcement of the guest list for a White House dinner party—"Mr. Leonard Bernstein, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Mr. Pablo Casals" . . . his slightly exasperated comment "Why must it always be *your* friends?"

If one had only "Mr. President" to go on this season, the vitality of the office it glorifies would seem at a low ebb indeed. Thankfully, as Meader demonstrates, it still has vigah. . . .

—I.K.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Benny Carter: "BBB & Co." Carter, alto saxophone and trumpet; Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Swingville 2032, mono and stereo, $4.98.	This welcome reunion of mature and stylistically compatible talents brings luster to that little-honored tag, "West Coast." All eight musicians are resident Californians, Sherock and Barbour having seldom been present on dates of this kind in recent years. It is particularly gratifying to find Barney Bigard in a non-Dixieland context again, one where his liquid tone and highly individual phraseology can be heard to really good advantage. Benny Carter plays trumpet at the beginning of "When Lights Are Low," but is on alto elsewhere. Jimmy Rowles distinguishes himself in each performance with tasteful and imaginative contributions, and Ben Webster, as is his wont, plays with more swing and feeling than anyone else. The numbers and sketches, by Carter and supervisor Leonard Feather, were like the tempos, just right for the occasion.
Harry "Sweets" Edison and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: "Jawbreakers." Edison, trumpet; Davis, tenor saxophone; Hugh Lawson, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Clarence Johnson, drums. Riverside RLP 430, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The instrumentation is identical with the Columbia (CL 1891) reviewed last month, on which Edison shared the spotlight with Ben Webster. The rhythm section, a part of the former's regular unit at the time of recording, plays well together and probably accounts for Edison's relaxation and superior performances. Davis makes a worthy substitute for Webster, whom he freely credits with being his chief influence. "The greatest gutbucket tenor around," in Count Basie's estimation, he is an energetic and sensitive performer, more than equipped to keep pace with Edison's conceptions. Both play with expected assurance on the blues originals, their romantic treatment of Gershwin's "I've Got a Crush on You" making an effective contrast.
Tyree Glenn: "Trombone Artistry." Glenn, trombone; Sy Oliver, arranger; with brass, rhythm, and the Lillian Clark Singers. Roulette R 25184, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Tyree Glenn's flexible, plunger-muted trombone style benefits from the thoroughly professional settings provided by Sy Oliver. In effect, the Lillian Clark Singers take the place of a saxophone section, and Oliver uses them skilfully together and in contrast with the brass and rhythm. Glenn is a melodist who extracts new values from familiar standards, as in the sorrowing version of "Come Rain or Come Shine." His facility and fine open tone are well in evidence on his own composition which follows, while on "Get Out of Town" he reveals unsuspected ability on valve trombone.
Tiny Grimes: "Big Time Guitar." Grimes, guitar; Ed Swanston or L. S. Williams, organ; K. Martin or E. Crawford, drums. United Artists UAL 3232, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Tiny Grimes has been working for some time at the Purple Manor in Harlem and the appearance of this record under Erroll Garner's Octave imprint is an indication of the pianist's approval. Grimes plays four-string guitar with the same rhythmic zest that brought so much attention to him as a member of the famous Art Tatum Trio, and here he is the unquestioned star. The organ accompaniments are sometimes sluggish, but the guitarist is to the fore most of the time and he capably carries every performance. Though driving blues like "Blue Morocco" are his forte, he develops the melodic potential of the well-chosen standards in attractive fashion.
Quincy Jones: "Big Band Bossa Nova." Jones, director and arranger, with big band. Mercury MG 20751, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The bossa nova purist, if he already exists, may cavil at the orchestral weight, but Quincy Jones is, thank goodness, an irrepressible champion of the big-band sound. The nine full and colorful arrangements he has written here ("No More Blues" is by Al Cohn) are filled with affection and, in the case of the first, not a little humor. The band plays them superbly, and among the rewarding soloists are Paul Gonsalves, Clark Terry, Phil Woods, and Jim Hall. The first two are heard in the exciting "Boogie Bossa Nova" composed by Charlie Mingus, and Gonsalves wins more laurels with a darkly lyrical solo on Luiz Bonfa's "Carnival."
Ike Quebec: "Bossa Nova Soul Samba." Quebec, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Willie Bobo, drums; Garvin Masseaux, chekere. Blue Note 4114, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Like Coleman Hawkins on his Impulse album (A. 28), Quebec proves there is no need for bossa nova to be restricted to the soft-bop-on-a-samba formula. He discards the clinical flavor of bop, blows with warmth and power, and completely succeeds in attaining his stated objective, "to put more grease to it, more of a blues feeling, more sensuality." Yet the music remains generally tender in character, and it is further enhanced by Kenny Burrell's subtle guitar playing. The program includes originals by Quebec and Burrell, "Goin' Home," "Liebestraum," and items of presumably Brazilian origin.
Buddy Tate: "A Basket of Blues." Tate, tenor saxophone; Victoria Spivey, Lucille Hegamin, Hannah Sylvester, vocals; Dick Vance, trumpet; Eddie Barefield, clarinet and alto saxophone; Sadik Hakim or Ed Swanston, piano; Lloyd Buchanan, bass; Clarence Donaldson or Pat Wilson, drums. Spivey LP 1001, $4.98.	The revival of interest in blues singers has returned many retired artists to the record studios. The three ladies featured in this set were all active in the Twenties and, so far as recorded comparisons can be made, time has dealt kindly with their voices. Their material and routines have considerable period charm and the seldom-heard Hannah Sylvester is in the nature of a discovery. Her vivacious delivery is in sharp contrast with Victoria Spivey's wryly dramatic approach. Buddy Tate, who introduces the album with an instrumental and concludes it to exhortations from Miss Sylvester on "Hey, Big Texas," again demonstrates that he is one of the most convincing blues players on the scene.
Mel Tormé: "I Dig the Duke, I Dig the Count." Tormé, vocals; orchestral accompaniment arranged and directed by Johnny Mandel. Verve V6-8491, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This is an exceptional testimonial to Tormé's talent, versatility, and wholeheartedness. A fine musical intelligence triumphs persistently, balancing a certain lightness of tone not always advantageous to him. The choice of material is so uniformly good that it is difficult to single out highlights. The singer wrote the lyrics to a theme from "Reminiscing in Tempo," and here he comes close to delineating the inexpressible, that twilight zone indigenous to the Ellington muse. On Neal Hefti's "Softly With Feeling," another number originally conceived as an instrumental, his singing is relaxed, lilting, and essentially right. Johnny Mandel's excellent scores are well played by an able Hollywood band.
Various Artists: "Jingle Bell Jazz." The groups of Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Dukes of Dixieland, Duke Ellington, Chico Hamilton, Lionel Hampton, Paul Horn, Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, Manhattan Jazz All Stars, Marlowe Morris, Carmen McRae, and Pony Poindexter. Columbia CL 1893, $3.98; stereo CS 8693, $4.98.	There are all kinds of Christmas jazz for all kinds of people here. On Miles Davis's "Blue Xmas," for instance, a singer looks with disfavor on the commercialization and insincerity that attend the December festival, but in the selection immediately before it, Marlowe Morris obviously anticipates the merriest of celebrations. The Ellington band dispenses with bells, but swings gaily through Mercer Ellington's arrangement of "Jingle Bells" (Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance, Paul Gonsalves, and Jimmy Hamilton are the soloists). Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross deck the halls hiply, Pony Poindexter introduces "Rudolph" to the saxophone family, and the Dukes of Dixieland bring warmth to "Frosty the Snowman." Lionel Hampton and a trombone choir take good musical care of "White Christmas."
Leo Wright: "Suddenly the Blues." Wright, flute and alto saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Rudy Collins, drums. Atlantic 1393, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Eldee Young: "Just for Kicks." Young, bass and cello; Leo Wright, flute and alto saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Red Holt, drums. Argo 699, $4.98.	To some tastes, Wright's musical attitude may seem to encompass too much self-discipline, for the blues on the Atlantic album tend to be restrained and antiseptic. Self-control results in obvious qualities, but the captivating carefreedom that can color improvisation not infrequently falls victim to it. He is heard to better advantage, and with a superior rhythm section, on Eldee Young's album, lamenting on "Cry Me a River" and wailing (in the jazz sense) on the up-tempo "Truly." Possibly because of its more audible range, Young's cello, heard throughout the second side, impresses and seems to swing more than his bass. "Motherless Child" is a tour de force and here Wright's astringent sound, combined with cello, achieves a surprising other-worldliness. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Jazz List

Continued from page 35

Art Tatum: "The Essential Art Tatum," reissues (Verve, mono only).
Lester Young: "The Essential Lester Young," reissues of Lester with six small groups (Verve, mono only).

Wilder Hobson

Chris Anderson: "Inverted Image," with bass and drums (Jazzland).
Dave Bailey Quintet (Epic).
Count Basie and the Kansas City Seven (Impulse).
Count Basie and Duke Ellington: "The Count Meets the Duke" (Columbia).
Dave Burns Quintet (Vanguard).
Billy Butterfield: "Billy Plays Bix." Beiderbecke classics with big jazz band (Epic).
John Coltrane: "Plays the Blues," with McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones and Steve Davis (Atlantic).
John Coltrane: "At the Village Vanguard" (Impulse).
Miles Davis: "Someday My Prince Will Come," with John Coltrane, *et al.* (Columbia).
Duke Ellington: "Ellington at Newport," the famous "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" with Paul Gonsalves and other items from the 1956 Newport Festival (Columbia, electronically reprocessed for stereo).
Don Friedman: "A Day in the City," with Chuck Israels and Joe Hunt (Riverside).
Jimmy Heath: "Triple Threat" (Riverside).
Earl "Fatha" Hines: "A Monday Date" (Riverside).
James P. Johnson: "Father of the Stride Piano," reissues of 1939 items and some previously unreleased (Columbia, mono only).
Elvin Jones: "Elvin!" (Riverside).
Cliff Jordan: "Bearcat" (Jazzland).
Steve Lacy: with Charles Davis, John Orr and Roy Haynes (Candid).
Tommy Ladnier: 1923-1926 recordings reissued (Riverside, mono only).
Booker Little: "Out Front" (Candid).
Charlie Mingus (Candid).
Modern Jazz Quartet: European Concert (Atlantic, 2 discs, available singly).
Gunther Schuller's "Jazz Abstractions," featuring "Variants on a Theme of Thelonious Monk," with Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, the Contemporary String Quartet and others (Atlantic).
Dave Pike: "Pike's Peak," with Bill Evans, Herbie Lewis and Walter Perkins (Epic).
McCoy Tyner Trio: "Inception" (Impulse).

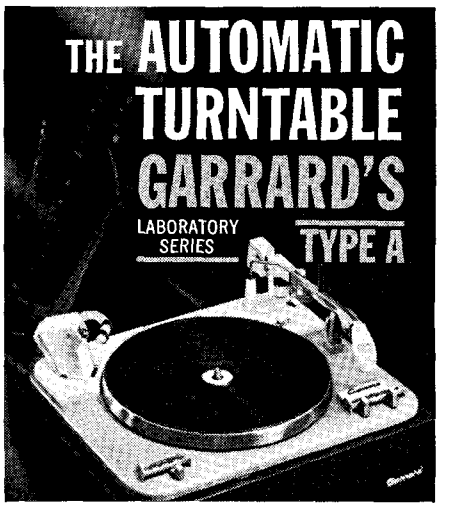
Robert Farris Thompson

Laurindo Almeida and Bud Shank: three Bossa Nova records, "Brazilliance," "Latin Contrasts," and "Holiday in Brazil" (all on World Pacific).
Charlie Byrd and Stan Getz: "Jazz Samba" (Verve).
Cal Tjader: "In a Latin Bag" (Verve).
Cal Tjader: "Plays the Contemporary Music of Mexico and Brazil" (Verve).

Martin Williams

American Jazz Ensemble: "New Sounds . . . . Old World" (RCA Victor).
Gary Burton: "New Vibe Man in Town" (RCA Victor).
Ron Carter: "Where?" with Eric Dolphy, *et al.* (New Jazz).
Buck Clayton: "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" (Commodore).
Ornette Coleman: "Ornette!" (Atlantic).
Tadd Dameron: "The Magic Touch" (Riverside).
Tadd Dameron: Reissues of broadcast recording of 1948 with Fats Navarro (Jazzland mono only).
Dizzy Gillespie: "At Carnegie Hall," 1961 concert, featuring Lalo Schifrin (Verve).
Jimmy Giuffre: "Thesis," by the Jimmy Giuffre "3" (Verve).
JFK Quintet: "Young Ideas" (Riverside).
Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake: "The Newest Sound Around" (RCA Victor).
James Moody Quintet: "Another Bag" (Argo).
Charlie Parker: "Jazz at Massey Hall," 1953 concert in Toronto, with Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Max Roach, *et al.* (Fantasy, mono only).
Bud Powell Trio: more from the same Toronto concert (Fantasy, mono only).
Cecil Taylor: "Into the Hot," with Johnny Carisi leading the Gil Evans orchestra (Impulse).
Lennie Tristano: "The New Tristano" (Atlantic).
Gerald Wilson: "Brass Bag" (Pacific Jazz).
Gerald Wilson: "You Better Believe It" (Pacific Jazz).
Jimmy Woods: "Awakening!" with two quintets (Contemporary).

—RICHARD FREED.



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The New Coltrane, The Old Parker

TO ANYONE who knows tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins largely from his records, the music on "What's New?" (RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2572) will seem some of the best Rollins there is. But to anyone who has heard Rollins in person in the last couple of years, it will also be something of a disappointment. The set is built around the gimmick of various "Latin" meters, has a couple of pop tunes ("If Ever I Would Leave You," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes") taken as bossa novas, includes some conga and bongo drumming, and (goodness!) even a chorus chanting "Brownskin Girl." Rollins's response to these rhythms is, as usual, personal and sound. That is, they propel him, but, beyond an adjustment in his phrasing, they propel him in doing the same sort of thing he already does.

He seems on "Brownskin Girl," for example, to need no help at all, overriding both chorus and drums to become, with a sustaining humor, a whole calypso band unto himself—including the percussion. "Bluesongo" has hints of how Rollins can tease and coax a theme-melody, but they seem comparatively mild ones. The most successful track is the twelve-minute "If Ever I Would Leave You," which almost catches the sustained power and daring of Rollins at his best. It shows his compelling love of melody, his deep humor, and, especially in some climactic exchanges with the percussion, his authoritative power. Finally, "Jungoso" is a tour de force, a hoarse and almost ceremonial incantation led by Rollins with string bass and conga drum. The saxophonist uses his horn in starkly passionate declamations, and once or twice even inflects two tones simultaneously. Not so incidentally, guitarist Jim Hall has a touchingly melodic solo on "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

"Manne 2, 3, 4" (Impulse A 20/S) is the thoroughly professional drummer Shelly Manne, plus such other thorough pros as pianist Hank Jones, the late vibist-pianist Eddie Costa, bassist George Duvivier, and the great and durable tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins. It is an exceptionally successful LP in a flooded market. The players are intrigued by new thing-ish, freely structured improvising on "The Sicks of Us," with Costa, and on "Me and Some Drums," with Hawkins on both piano and tenor. (Incidentally, Hawkins first recorded such adventurous playing in 1949.) The best tracks are an unusually slow "Cherokee" and a "Take the 'A' Train" done at two tempos. Both feature a Hawkins who has obviously given at least one ear to his junior, John Coltrane, but who is still and always beautifully Hawkins himself. My, what a jazzman!

THE virtues of pianist Oscar Peterson glitter so obviously and so engagingly, that it must puzzle his admirers to learn that there are those who have reservations about his work. Any discussion of Peterson is apt to begin with comments about his technique. But if "technique" is a term with truly musical implications, then "facility" might be a better word for Peterson. Time and again he seems done in by his energetic digital dexterity; he will mar a musical structure for an obvious scalar or arpeggio interruption, incongruously turning a promising context into a pianistic exercise. Does he swing? He is certainly enjoyable rhythmically, but perhaps the word "swing" also implies an esthetic compliment. At any rate, swing is not merely rhythmic indulgence, and Peterson seems to know everything about it but its true meaning. For him swing is never really an aspect of a creative momentum. "Kadota's Blues" on "The Sound of the Trio" (Verve V/V6-8480) is an excellent example of the way Peterson, at medium tempo, bounces along engagingly while rattling off cliché after cliché. He seems to know every stock lick and riff that jazz has offered since Scott Joplin, and one has the feeling that if he goes on long enough he will trot out every one of them in every piece he plays. There is of course nothing necessarily wrong with a stock effect. Peterson's bassist Ray Brown, for instance, uses a couple in his solos on "Kadota's" and "Tricrotism." But to Brown these phrases are parts of a personally developed musical design, and in using them he truly reassesses their meaning—quite a different matter from merely stringing them together, one after another.

Peterson—"bounces along engagingly."

Peterson approaches "Ill Wind" on this set in his would-be Art Tatum manner; that is, he plays with a great deal of ingenuity but no real imagination. As usual, Peterson shows hardly any resourcefulness in dynamics, and in this pastiche one gets little of the sense of pianistic adventure and harmonic discovery that Tatum had. Then, toward the end of the performance, Peterson drags in a chorus or so in the manner of the young Nat Cole, almost as if to save the day. The pleasures of Peterson's music are certainly immediate and perhaps momentary. Thereby he does fulfil one of the main functions of a popular performer. But in the hands of its best musicians, jazz proved long ago to be a more durable art whose best works survive the moment and even span the years.

"Bird Symbols" (Parker LP 407) is a kind of harum-scarum sampling of four recording dates Charlie Parker did for the Dial label in 1946-7, with the alto saxist variously in the company of Erroll Garner, Miles Davis, and others. It contains superior Parker pieces like "Moose the Mooch" and "Scrapple from the Apple" (now *there's* a couple of titles for you!) superior Parker improvisations like "Bird of Paradise," and his electrifying opening break and following chorus on "A Night in Tunisia." It also contains two masterpieces: his beautifully self-contained chorus on "Ornithology," and an original variation on "Embraceable You," in which Parker elaborates his simple opening six-note phrase, by subtle variant and echo, into a shimmeringly organized melody quite beyond the powers of most improvisers—or for that matter many, many composers as well. The album notes and personnel listings are rather slapdash, but two masterpieces on one jazz LP—that's something!

"Funky Blues" (Verve V 8486) has similarly unreliable personnel identifications, but it contains a fourteen-minute title piece, introduced by Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and Parker, the three great alto saxophonists of jazz, and Parker here proves to be perhaps the most authentically earthy of the three. On a sixteen-minute "What Is This Thing Called Love?" Parker crouches in wait while illustrious predecessors like Carter, Hodges, Ben Webster, and Charlie Shavers have their say, and then leaps in with three choruses of such sustained rhythmic and melodic brilliance as to re-interpret the very basics of the music.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Music to My Ears

(*Continued from page* 33)

Bachauer amended her methods to make the most of her assets on its behalf. Thus the strength of her left hand enabled her to make a number of points sometimes obscured, while supporting the rhapsodizing function of the right hand full well. Barbirolli's preference for directing such works from the front of the stage rather than from behind the upraised piano lid contributed to an uncommonly symphonic projection, especially in the tightly knit slow movement.

The evening offered as Sir John's re-introduction to the Philharmonic audience (after four years) the "Ouverture Philharmonique" of Darius Milhaud, written as one of ten commissions to mark the orchestra's first season in its new home. On his past achievements, Milhaud was entitled to the honor; but his response is little more than an exercise in craftsmanship. Neither the fast opening and closing sections nor the slower middle part suggested a real creative impulse. Beside it, the Intermezzo from Delius's "Fennimore and Gerda" (offered as an interlude of quiet before the Beethoven) had a subtle scent of perfume—from the hothouse, perhaps, but at least the product of something alive and flourishing. Its opportunities were well cultivated by Barbirolli, and especially by John Wummer, flute, and Albert Goltzer, oboe, who merited the solo bows accorded them.

FEW works are more demanding of a pianist's concentration than Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," which had one of its great performances of recent years in the recital of Vladimir Ashkenazy in Carnegie Hall. Lacking the formal progression to a climax built in to many sonatas, it puts the proof of providing that progression directly on the performer himself. Ashkenazy's performance began, as a good performance should, with a resounding statement of the theme, with the variants and elaborations pyramided upon it in a wholly logical, well-ordered way. Lest this all sound too mathematical, it may be added that there was high expressiveness, as well, in a real perception of Schumannesque purpose.

On the same evening in Philharmonic Hall, Michael Rabin offered a violin recital that included a first performance of a sonata by the late Robert Kurka, admired for his opera "The Good Soldier Schweik." This is music of individuality and high spirits, which Rabin and his excellent associate Mitchell Andrews made wholly enjoyable.

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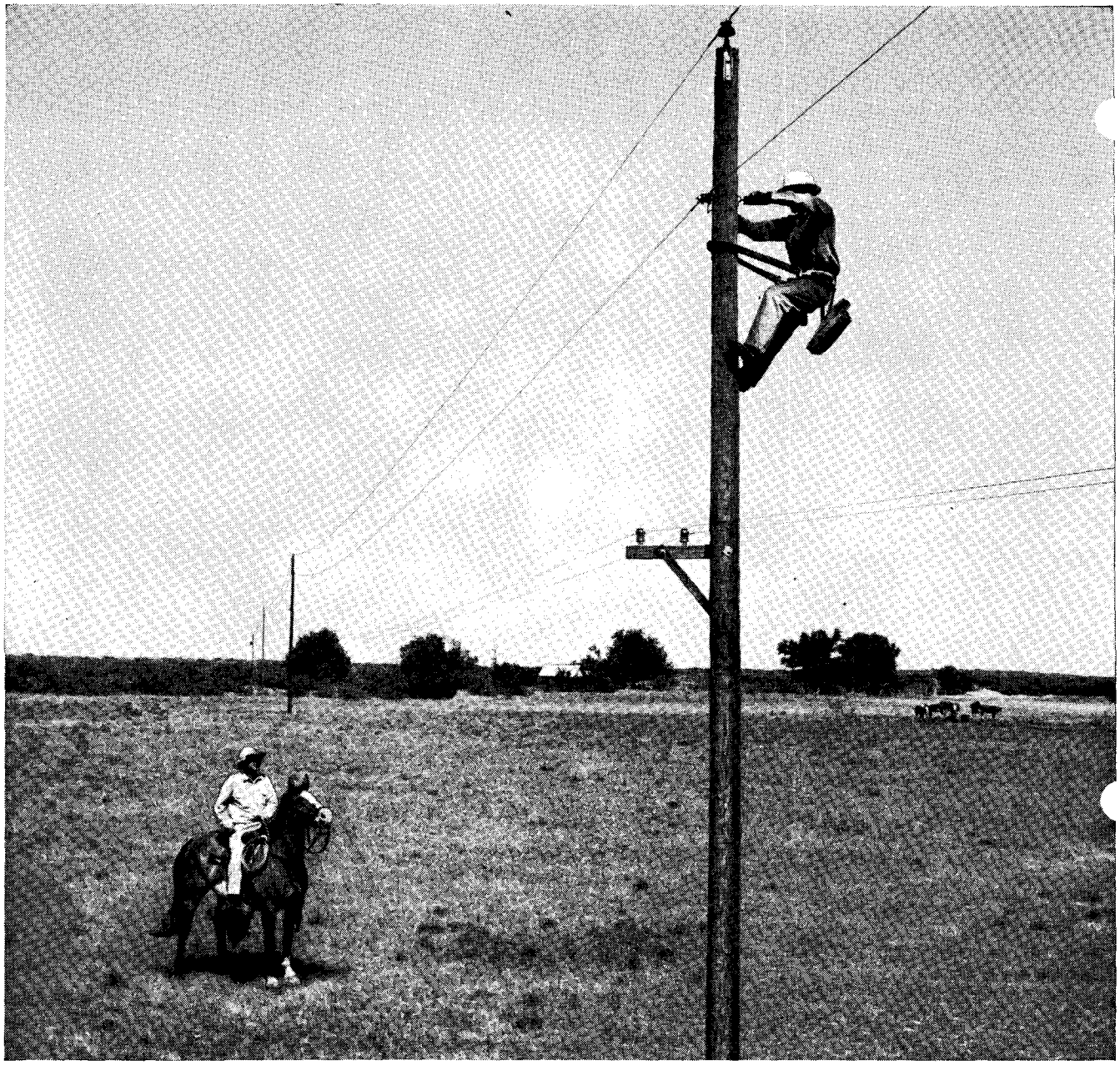

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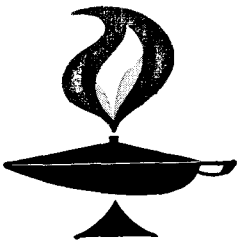

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement.
Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

The New U.S. Commissioner of Education

PRESIDENT KENNEDY made a wise choice in selecting Francis Keppel as his new U.S. Commissioner of Education. Keppel, who for the past fifteen years has been dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, is youthful, vigorous, imaginative, and thoroughly conversant with the educational innovations and reforms that promise to transform our schools in the years just ahead.

During the decade-long debate over the quality of our schools, Keppel has never been on the defensive. He has listened to the criticism from within and without the profession, profited from it, and never joined the chorus of educators who called all critics "enemies of the schools." He has firm convictions about the meaning of excellence in education but, because he is not committed to any ideology of the past, is in a position to lead the schools in new directions.

In 1947, when Keppel was only thirty-two, James B. Conant made him dean of Harvard's languishing Graduate School of Education. In fifteen years Keppel has transformed the school from a weak and neglected branch of the university to a strong institution to which educators everywhere look for leadership. Harvard doctorates now are sought for the top professorships in education and for important administrative posts—only last month one of them became Superintendent of Schools in New York City on Keppel's recommendation.

Under Keppel's leadership Harvard has sponsored experimental programs in team teaching, programmed learning, educational television, and curriculum reform. It has taken the lead in promoting the Master of Arts in Teaching Program—started under Conant's direction—which provides carefully selected liberal arts graduates with professional education and an extended internship before sending them out as secondary school teachers.

Keppel's name will not be unfamiliar to our readers. He was the subject of our "Movers and Shapers" column on November 19, 1960, and author of an article on team teaching which appeared in our June 17, 1961, issue. He is an articulate spokesman who is willing to state and defend his views.

As U.S. Commissioner, Keppel will find himself in a post with little direct control over American schools—one that his predecessors have found frustrating because it requires the administration of a complex bureaucracy located within a department that gives more emphasis to health and welfare than to education. But the post offers great potentialities for educational leadership in a profession that urgently needs such leadership. The increasing demand for some uniformity of standards across the nation, and for closer relationship between school programs and national goals, makes it imperative that the Commissioner be given more responsibility for the coordination of our educational effort. We are confident that Keppel will accept this responsibility and will give new stature to the office. —P.W.

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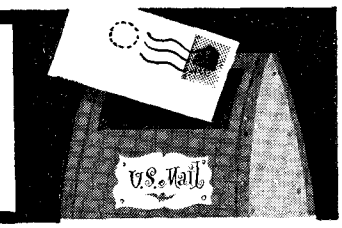
Letters to the Editor



RALPH McGILL

THE NEXT TIME you publish an editorial by Ralph McGill won't you just refer to him as "one of *America's* most distinguished newspapermen" and let it go at that? Of course Atlanta is in the South, but McGill belongs to and speaks for the whole country.

GARTH CATE.

Tryon, N.C.

BANESH HOFFMANN DEMURS

THE REVIEW OF my book "The Tyranny of Testing" in your November 17 issue may, among other things, have given a misleading impression not only of the objective of the book, but of the nature and extent of the documentation it contains.

The basic objective of the book is to make a prima facie case for the setting up of a distinguished committee of inquiry to study the present testing situation in the national interest.

For reasons elaborated in the book, the method I have been using to make this case is to concentrate on a peripheral weak spot by challenging test-makers to make specific defense of defective sample questions.

The disquieting results of this challenge are amply documented in the book. To give but one example (see pages 189-195), the Educational Testing Service, seeking to defend one of its own College Board sample questions in science, not only offered an official defense that was invalid, made elementary blunders in science, and used an argument that turned out to be a boomerang; it did not even understand what its own question was asking.

Since ETS is the best and most influential of the educational test-making organizations, the evidence in my book would seem to justify my call for a distinguished committee of inquiry, and one might assume that readers of *SR*'s Education Supplement would have been interested to know that the evidence exists and is presented in my book.

BANESH HOFFMANN,
Department of Mathematics,
Queens College.

Flushing, N.Y.

LINT ON SR'S LAPEL?

AT FIRST I THOUGHT I wouldn't protest that article title printed on the cover of your November 17 issue: "Whatever Happened to Geography?" It made me wince. I felt certain it was wrong, wrong. Still, with the state of English usage today, who's to say? *SR* intimidated me still further by repeating the title three times; on the cover, in the table of contents, and on the heading of the article itself. It had to be deliberate.

H. W. Fowler supported me. Under *what ever, whatever,* he identifies the interrogative use, saying, "It should never appear in print except when familiar dialogue is being reproduced, & should then be in two separate words. . . ." And by heaven, sirs, your use of "whatever" was clearly the interrogative use, not the antecedent-relative use or the concessive use.

Even Hollywood recognizes this grammatical distinction, in the title of the current film, "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" In this connection, I have begun to fear that *SR* has a "thing" against the use of "what ever." In your November 10 issue, on page 26, the film title is misquoted as "What Happened to Baby Jane?" Again, back to the November 17 issue, Hollis Alpert refers to the film as: "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?"

It's not easy to pick a bit of lint from *SR*'s lapel. But this looks like fuzz to me —whatever it may seem to you.

(Mrs.) MELVA WEBER.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Webster's Second and Third both say it's one word when used interrogatively.*

GEOGRAPHY'S STILL THERE

GEOGRAPHY IS BEING taught today, but it is being taught differently and more effectively than in the distant past.

The emphasis upon place geography and the memorization of isolated facts are exactly what "killed" geography as a major part of the curriculum. Mr. Saveland contends we have gone too far away from this kind of thing. My own feeling is that we teachers of geography give it just the right amount of little import that it deserves.

The emphasis today is in terms of relationships rather than places per se. It isn't history that has swept away geography's identity. It is, among other things, the development of cultural anthropolog and the increased knowledge available t. teachers on the learning process, which have changed the study of geography. In short, the approach, and not the content, is what is new in geography.

IRVING J. SLOAN,
Scarsdale Junior High School.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

ROBERT SAVELAND has stimulated me to answer his question "Whatever Happened to Geography?" [*SR*, Nov. 17] with an emphatic "It's come alive!" I draw from three areas of my experience: as a student, a teacher of history (and that bugaboo—social science), and a parent of elementary school children.

We studied geography straight when I was a child and began mysteriously in the fourth grade in the Tigris and Euphrates Valley. As I recall we spent the entire year in the "Fertile Crescent" or, at any rate, never got any closer to home. That first book with its maps, charts of products, and arid text (to use an adjective I learned there), poisoned me against the whole series of flat orange geography books we used in subsequent grades though some of them did cover more realistic topics.

I came to love geography rather late, as a graduate student in history. My major professor was a stickler for geography and by linking the two subjects he mad the maps and place names vital.

By comparison my children draw maps of their neighborhood in the first grade. This year we have a teacher who wisely says that while the curriculum for social studies in grade I sticks to the child's experience, urban children in 1962 know so much about the world that she is not going to stick to the neighborhood. But I do think that is a better place to *begin* than in Iraq.

Last year my fifth-grade son did learn the names of the fifty states and their capitals and I believe these facts had more meaning for him because he was also learning the history of the country. I give part of the credit to his well-organized teacher and part to the textbook in social studies that this class did not spend so much time on the East and the Colonial period as to short-change the West and the twentieth century. (They even had a section on the modern South.) Now in the sixth grade this class is in world history and world geography (granted—a big subject). My son has just had a test on the Middle East including the names of the countries and capital cities. I do not see that factual knowledge is being shorted by this more palatable presentation of geography and history as twin tools for understanding the world.

(Mrs.) NANCY CLIFFORD.

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

TEACHER'S WASTEBASKET

"FROM A TEACHER'S WASTEBASKET" [*SR*, Nov. 17] was in several ways a master-

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piece, and predictably a classic. Bel Kaufman is to be congratulated.

DONALD I. KENNEDY.
San Francisco, Calif.

"FROM A TEACHER'S WASTEBASKET" produced nostalgia in at least one ex-teacher, ten years out of the schoolroom. The author naturally didn't have time to retrieve all the scraps; for example, the one that arrived just when you hoped the class was beginning to distinguish between the use of "who" and "whom" and went something like this: "Please send to the office by the end of the period two lists, one giving all your pupils in alphabetical order, the other listing the boys and girls separately."

MARGARET TABOR.
Statesville, N.C.

THE BEL KAUFMAN "From a Teacher's Wastebasket" was very funny. I am sure all of your teacher-readers laughed. I wonder how many reacted with other emotions as they identified with the frustration, pettiness and despair underlying Miss Kaufman's humor?

ANN HARRINGTON.
Los Angeles, Cal.

PROJECTIVE TESTS

YOUR REVIEW of "The Brain Watchers" by Martin Gross [*SR*, Nov. 17] is one of the more dispassionate that I have read. Yet do I sense that you share his condemnation of projective tests as tools for personality assessment in industry? I believe a word can be said in their defense.

Let's start by admitting that projective techniques are not scientific instruments which can measure personality traits. They are not to be compared with micrometers, voltmeters or spectroscopes. They are simply devices which clinical psychologists use to gain insight into the feelings, attitudes and reactions of the subjects who respond to them. They can be likened to a series of penetrating questions to be asked during an interview, and they are employed for the same purpose.

But like the answer to a question, the response to a projective test has to be properly understood and interpreted if its significance is to be appreciated. And it is because these responses are sometimes misunderstood and misinterpreted that people worry about using projectives.

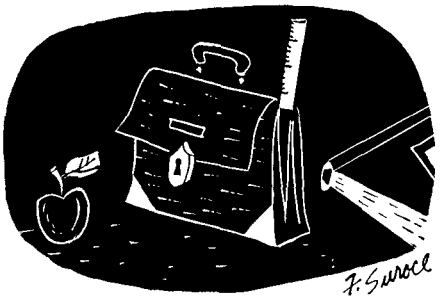
KING WHITNEY, JR.
Stamford, Conn.

HEIMBERGER'S ALARM

FREDERIC HEIMBERGER presumably has a good point in "Faculty Control of University Teaching" [*SR*, Nov. 17], but to a reader not in Mr. Heimberger's profession, the lack of specific information in the article is frustrating.

I would be happy to share Mr. Heimberger's alarm if I knew what puerile courses were being taught where, and which faculties were abdicating their curricular responsibilities.

E. N. STORY.
Richmond, Calif.



WHAT'S THE POINT?

IS IT POSSIBLE that the gap between the educationists' use of the language and *SR*'s is so wide that the REPORT CARD item published under the heading "No Comment" [*SR*, Nov. 17] is hilarious to the editors and just normal to the teachers?

I have read and reread the column and have asked a number of other persons to read it. None of us gets the point. As a kindness to us slow learners, will you please explain?

DONALD W. ROBINSON,
Associate Editor,
Phi Delta Kappan.
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We couldn't help but wonder why a teachers' organization would need 202 words to describe its aims when the framers of the Constitution did the job for a nation in one fifty-two-word sentence.*

TEACHER SHORTAGES

IN REFERENCE TO your article "A Solution for Teacher Shortages" [*SR*, Nov. 17] it would appear at first glance that the Messrs. McKean and Kershaw present a rather convincing case for the adoption of a three-step teacher salary scale based upon the relative supply of the teaching skill in question. In short, the learned gentlemen suggest that the "law" of supply and demand should govern—or at least play a very significant role in determining—the salaries to be paid to our public school teachers. Let me suggest that the premise upon which such an assumption is made may be open to serious question. Do we really believe that supply and demand should determine the economic value to be placed upon any and all skills? If we do, might we not re-examine some of the implications of that belief? For instance, the typical school teacher is paid about $6,000 per year; many professional entertainers are paid well in excess of $100,000 per year. Also, the President of the United States receives a smaller salary than many stars of stage and screen, less than hundreds of industrial and business executives, and only slightly more than some professional athletes. Would anyone seriously argue that such salaries truly reflect the actual worth of the recipients?

Let us now examine some of the implications of any attempt to apply the "law" of supply and demand in arriving at salaries to be paid to public school teachers. It is suggested that competent science teachers might be paid $1,000 more than teachers of the social sciences. Inherent in such a suggestion is the assumption that it is more important to discover and harness the laws of nature than it is to learn to live peacefully as adults. Inherent also, it seems to this writer, is the pernicious doctrine that educational value may be equated with economic value. We constantly urge our young people to attend college because college graduates earn more money, enjoy more social prestige, etc. When will we realize that there is a crying need for people who are *educated* as well as *trained?* We already have the trained manpower necessary to destroy civilization. Will we advance the cause of education by advocating higher salaries for those whose primary skills are technical rather than social and humanitarian? It seems to me that the answer is obvious. While there is much controversy about whether Johnny can read as well as his father, it is generally agreed that Johnny can not read *as well as he should.* It would seem to follow that really good elementary teachers should be paid the highest salaries irrespective of any consideration of supply and demand.

Finally, let us consider the unique position of the teaching profession in our society. Teaching is a socialized profession. It has become so because our society presumably believes that education is of such critical importance that the economic burden of its support should be shared by all segments of society. Moreover, the teacher is not a free agent capable of effectively bargaining for better salaries and working conditions. Society in general, and indeed most members of the teaching profession, look upon the strike with disfavor. On the one hand, then, society holds that teachers are of vital importance; on the other, it denies to teachers the right to bargain effectively for their own economic welfare. In reality, teachers are at the mercy of a public which all too often has little or no conception of the value of an educated citizenry. If we insist that economic "laws" be applied to the determination of teachers' salaries, we are only compounding an already unfortunate situation characterized by low pay, low morale, and public misunderstanding or indifference.

EDWIN A. NAPIER,
Lebanon High School.
Lebanon, O.

CARLETON'S EXPERIENCE WITH NCATE

LETTERS IN YOUR November 17 issue clarified or corrected certain aspects of James D. Koerner's provocative article on NCATE and teacher education [*SR*, Oct. 20]. Because Carleton College and its experience with NCATE figured prominently in this article, it may be helpful to comment briefly on this experience.

First, the present teacher education program in this institution was developed by the faculty in the mid-1950s and when it

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Educational Research: Investigation or Vindication?

By GERALDINE M. JONCICH, *Assistant Professor of Education, University of California, Berkeley.*

ONE OF the hallmarks of a profession is that its members have recourse to a body of clearly defined, specialized, and technical knowledge. If such knowledge is the result of scientific investigation or if it has met the test of scientific verification, so much the better; as Walter Lippmann has remarked, the prestige that once adhered to those who speak by revelation today belongs to the scientist. Those men and women who promote research in education today are the inheritors of a social and professional movement beginning late in the nineteenth century. That was education's "scientific movement," an attempt to remove school decision-making and school practice from the realms of opinion, tradition, and political pressure and to place education, instead, on the firm basis of empirically and, preferably, experimentally derived knowledge.

Recently I took special note of this statement found in the final examination of one of my students: "Education is now considered a science for it uses testing and research." Clearly the last part of that statement is true. Both testing and research are solidly built into school practice and into the professional mind. Furthermore, they will undoubtedly increase their hold upon dollars, hours, and human resourcefulness and imagination. Yet, the first part of that sentence — "Education is now considered a science"—does not follow, either logically or actually, as a consequence of the present-day acceptance of testing and research. Indeed, reading in the literature of education, there is no time in the past sixty years where I see *less* confidence in the scientific status of education than today.

If there is, indeed, a diminution of confidence in educational "science," what might the explanation be? Some have argued that the early enthusiasts were wildly overoptimistic and completely naïve in their expectations of a science of education. Others have contended that the researchers have pursued methods, defined research problems, and conducted studies inappropriate to education—to education as a human, social enterprise, that is—and that they have therefore failed to produce relevant and usable information to guide practice.

I believe that each of these explanations for the downgrading of the scientific image is at least partially inadequate. The essence of the present analysis will be that another explanation can be postulated, one emerging from historical analysis of the total development of education in this century. This alternative explanation points out that objections to educational research were ultimately (and may still be) of a philosophical and not of a technical or methodological order. Furthermore, I contend that research in education has been despised as much for its successes as for its failures, for its results as much as for its lack of results. As evidence, three examples may be taken from the history of educational research since 1900. But first, some background.

From its earliest days there have been two kinds of criticism of educational research. One was primarily concerned with the scientific "correctness" of the methods being used, with the accuracy and precision of the experimentation and measurement of results. This might be called "methodological" criticism and it generally came from men within the scientific enterprise. Thus, as early as 1914 an investigator like Guy Whipple was contending that the need was not for constructing additional educational and psychological tests but for more complete data and rigorous analysis upon those already available. Of this same type of criticism would be B. R. Buckingham's statements about the piecemeal and exploratory-but-never-pursued quality of educational experimentation. He also objected to that overcautious frame of mind that produces tentative research which concludes with pious references to the need for additional study and which absolves the researcher of either past or future responsibility. Generally those who have worked with the problem of synthesizing scattered research data, with its application to school practice, and with overcoming problems of communicating research findings all share a common belief in the value and possibilities of an educational research of a type much like that originally expected by the earliest leaders of the scientific movement.

However, another order of criticism also was voiced, one that may have confused the issue and blurred the image of "educational science." This type can be identified with the theorists and practitioners of the progressive movement in education.

Now, the scientific movement and the

Another Aspect of the Problem

"WHILE THE BEST STUDENTS in education are as good as the best in any other field, as judged by scholastic aptitude tests, education also has a greater proportion of students of low academic ability. . . . If standards of admission to graduate programs in education remain unchanged, more and more inferior students will gravitate into education for advanced degrees. Many will embark upon careers in education through default in other fields of study.

"The implications for educational research are striking, for there is a correlation between a student's ability and the quality and sophistication of his research. If we assign a problem to two persons working independently, one with high intelligence and the other with only mediocre ability, the end results of their labors, other things being equal, will be found to differ greatly in conceptual level, methodological sophistication, organization, and originality. No amount of course work, teaching experience, or good intentions can compensate for mediocre aptitude."

—From "The Improvement of Educational Research," by Arthur E. Jensen of the School of Education, University of California at Berkeley, in Teachers College Record, October, 1962.

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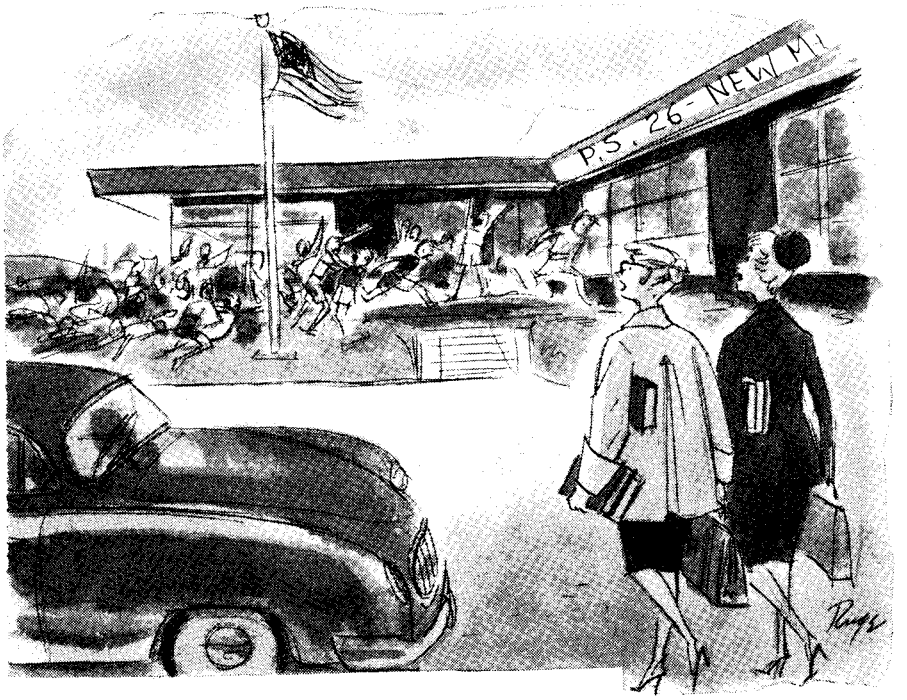
reform movement which later came to be called progressive education were all of a piece in 1900, even in 1910. Research was considered merely one avenue of approach in the common effort to make education more effective and efficient, to make it truly a servant of the social reform impulse. The course of educational research and the advance of progressive pedagogical theory in the twentieth century present a picture of fortunes which have been clearly intertwined in many places. Educational researchers in the 1960s, too, have many reasons to be influenced by the philosophy of educational progressivism — through their own schooling, through their associations with the public schools, with university departments of education, and with the total, general orientation of the educational profession in recent years.

With every year that passed, however, as Lawrence A. Cremin showed in "The Transformation of the School," a steadily more serious disaffection grew up between the so-called scientists and other breeds of educational reformers. Three progressive criticisms will be used to illustrate the influence of philosophy upon "science," so as to illuminate modern debates about educational research and its limitations, supposed and real. Since teaching, curriculum, and learning were important areas that were researched, an example may be taken from each.

Recently, John B. Carroll of Harvard University has been investigating the deficiencies of educational research. He has referred to a certain habit of thinking and proceeding that is characterized by an unwillingness of researchers to use *direct* measures of pupil progress and direct behavioral statements to demonstrate certain things about education, especially about teaching. This point of Carroll's was carefully noted because there has been a long controversy about whether teaching effectiveness may be evaluated by measuring student learning progress. The answer of the profession has been a firm no; some of the arguments against merit pay demonstrate this attitude. Apparently, however, this was not always so. There is some historical evidence that the earliest achievement tests were proposed not as tests of students but as tests of teachers; meetings of the National Education Association early in this century certainly indicate as much. But, along with the extension into the schools of the flexible, non-systematized, and individualized teaching methods advocated by progressive educators, and with the greater emphasis on student individuality, on the impact of outside factors on school performance, and so forth, came consolidated opposition to testing the teacher through the student.



"There they are, the unteachables!"

Professor Carroll, at least, thinks educational research today suffers from a hesitancy to use such direct measures. He did not assign any responsibility for this reluctance. However, I make the connection with progressive teaching theory; I hypothesize this to be a consequence of that pedagogical system's influence upon the professional mind.

For a second illustration of the contact of philosophy and science, let us look to the history of science for a start. There are many examples to show that a new science typically begins by studying rather remote and unimaginative problems. Thus, physicists were initially content to discover "laws" describing extremely simple and rather uninteresting phenomena. Indeed, the more complex the subject matter the more likely that the start will necessarily be simple and, unfortunately, even appear to be simple-minded. Educational science obviously began with investigations of the less complex, more accessible, and isolable phenomena of human behavior. Before very long came the progressive critique. Junius L. Meriam, director of the laboratory school of the University of Missouri, a Midwestern showplace among early progressive experimental schools, was one who spoke up. Around the time of World War I he attacked the word-flash studies of reading then being conducted. He maintained that reading was a whole experience, a complex, social, concept-making process; it was not calling out words as they came from a rapid-exposure device. I will give Meriam some credit here perhaps but I believe that he did recognize the fact that reading—even broadly defined as he defined it—absolutely rests upon a basis of recognizing words. To my knowledge, no responsible investigator claimed that word recognition was the be-all and end-all of reading. Nevertheless, countless of the progressives bore down on the researches, in criticism of the *kinds* of subject-matter and learnings that were being investigated. The reason for the attacks seems clear from their own statements: Scientific investigation was refocusing professional and public attention upon a kind of curriculum which progressive theorists were trying to replace or at least to relegate to a position of lesser importance. To the extent that some researchers were convinced, by these critics, that their approach was not productive, that they were not moving toward a "real" study of what education "really" is, then to that extent perhaps education research was stunted. If the progress of a science depends upon the careful building of theories from the more readily identifiable and manageable elements, then this seems a likely consequence of the progressive assault.

The so-called transfer of training studies also suggest the ways in which the activities of a potential scientific field may come up against the assumptions of a philosophical position and be altered by that contact. Transfer refers to the extent which specific learnings of one kind, or those learned in one situation, assist a person in another situation or in using another kind of subject matter. A number of psychologists and educators began to study the conditions of maximal and minimal amounts of transfer of training. Initially the results of these investigations were favorable to the cause of educational re-

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formers. Because little transfer, or generalization of learning, was shown by the most publicized of the early studies, they served as a wedge, allowing socially useful subjects to enter the curriculum, supporting the so-called problems approach in teaching methodology, even being used to justify an expanded program of teacher education. But, as the studies piled up, many of the results were also interpreted to stress the necessity of a high degree of specificity, systematic teaching, and practice ("drill") in order to "cinch" learning. Some progressives then had second thoughts. They did not like this kind of learning theory. And, some progressives, at least the more extreme members, were as prone to assume automatic learnings with their "social" subjects and "emerging" methods as the old classicists had been with their "disciplinary" studies and recitation system.

In giving the reasons for their disapproval of many of the transfer studies, the progressives certainly did not disavow science. They could hardly have done so in this day and age. Rather they stressed the very language of science; they spoke of faulty methodology, without the motivations and sometimes the competence of the scientist-critics. They complained of the rote, remote, and isolated character of many of the studies, despite the fact that their own philosopher of science—John Dewey—stated that scientific investigation necessarily must abstract and isolate.

With many of the investigations failing to buoy progressive pedagogical theory, various educators began to shop selectively among research studies and psychological theories. And, by the 1920s, there were alternatives to Thorndikian science. In the Twenties came Freudian theory. In the Thirties Gestalt theory seemed a better justification of progressive pedagogy. Today they have created something called "Action Research." This serves the cause of giving education scientific support, of lending an aura of experimentalism, and of removing the odium of being stand-pat and rigid in philosophy, and—at the same time, incidentally—presenting very little danger to certain acceptable, professional beliefs about how education ought to be conducted.

This is not intended as a polemic against progressive pedagogical prin-

ciples. Neither do I doubt that some real merit—on methodological grounds—can be found in the elaborate defense system erected by some educators against the earlier approaches to research; much of education research is, and has been, nothing but scientism of the most worthless and deceptive kind. But neither do I doubt that the objections have been more philosophical and pedagogical in their motivation. My conclusion emerges as a request, a request that researchers in education re-examine the original relationship of their enterprise to certain theories of education and to certain bodies of professional opinion, and divest themselves of an handmaiden role, should any truly exist. In the process of "disinterested" scientific pursuit (though the "purity" of *any* scientific investigation can certainly be questioned as a possibility) will come howls and protests and charges. Some people have never forgiven the study which first seemed to show the lack of a positive relationship between measured learnings and a small class size. And, too, there are the infamous studies which show some irrelevance in the relationships between various teacher education programs and how one teaches. Such maverick results may not suit the tastes of some members of the profession—or anyone else with theories about how education ought to be conducted, for that matter. But it is service to education that justifies educational research and not support of any group as such. Otherwise education might as well remain an under-researched field, in comparison with other disciplines. (Many industries reportedly use from 4 to 10 per cent of total expenditures on research development. The comparable figure for American education is one-tenth of 1 per cent.) To do more of the same, with the same presuppositions and loyalties and identification would be merely to compound the confusion, to deepen the morass of undigested data, and to intensify the sense of futility and loss of momentum which comes from looking at the scientific movement since its first promising days.

The question, then, is whether later and present researchers in education have been overly influenced by the progressive doubters, whether scientists have failed to re-study the past achievements of educational science afresh, using other standards and from less committed philosophical positions. A related question also comes to mind here: Have the progressives too much defined the very problems which will be researched into the indefinite future? Will progressive theories about the role of the teacher, the organization of the elementary school, class size, pupil motivational systems, and so forth continue to determine the very nature of the experiments to be conducted? Will they bind the research designs and govern—perhaps unconsciously—the researcher's own perceptions of the results? If so, we would see an interesting reversal: a pedagogical theory, now suffering from significant philosophical and political repudiation, once again turning to science for support. I would hope, instead, that educational research will clearly devote itself to finding out rather than to proving, to searching rather than to supporting, to investigating rather than to vindicating.

Choose Your Partners

NO ONE WANTS to pass a law requiring college students to select their dates on the basis of I. Q. compatability. One biologist has argued recently, however, that marriages among bright college graduates will produce five to ten times more budding geniuses in the next generation than those unions described in the poetry of the statistician as "perfectly random marriages in the normal population." Next step, possibly, will be to set up intercampus dating bureaus to match I. Q.'s before each college social. A drawback might be the limited supply available for selection in some categories. Estimates put the percentage of the total population scoring an I. Q. of 130 or above ("very superior") at a slim 2.2 per cent. Perhaps a little integration with the 6.7 per cent in the 120-129 ("superior") bracket would not upset the genetic apple cart and might rescue a few classroom stars from the sad fate of dateless weekends.

—From "Campus Corner," by Donald R. Campion, S. J.—America, December 1, 1962.

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CALVIN GROSS

New Boss of the World's Largest School System

By TERRY FERRER, *Education Editor, New York Herald Tribune.*

EARLY last month the New York State Department of Education issued a devastating report on the shortcomings of New York City's public schools. Almost every section of the massive 710-page document was laced with such phrases as "alarming," "disgracefully inadequate," "weak," and "shockingly dirty." While conceding that the city system—largest in the world—has "staggering problems" and faces "incredible odds" in seeking to provide quality education, the state report nevertheless found little to praise and much to derogate.

In a very real sense, the city had asked for it. And just as truly, in a way that the city never could, the state had cleared the way for improvement of the city schools and for a new school superintendent to bring about reforms. The timing was excellent, because the report appeared two weeks after the appointment of forty-three-year old Calvin Edward Gross as new superintendent of the New York City Schools. Dr. Gross, superintendent in Pittsburgh since 1958, was the unanimous choice of a special advisory committee appointed by the Board of Education and headed by Francis Keppel, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education (now U.S. Commissioner of Education). The nine members of the Board of Education concurred. Dr. Gross will not take over until after February 1, so that he can clear up his administrative tasks in Pittsburgh.

It is especially significant that Dr. Gross is the first superintendent ever to come to the system from outside the city. Charges of inbreeding have plagued the city's school administration almost since its unification and consolidation in 1898. The state report spoke bitingly of the lack of imagination and the formalism that riddle the city's schools. Although the state didn't mention it specifically in this study, the overlay of local politics and politicians on this ingrowing school administration was choking the vitality of the educational product almost as effectively as the lack of money provided for improvement.

To understand the current confrontation of Dr. Gross and the state's highly critical report, it is necessary to look back over the events of a year ago. At that time the city system was torn by widespread scandals in its school construction program. Its superintendent, Dr. John J. Theobald, had come to the post straight from the mayor's office, where he had served as deputy mayor. Its Board of Education had been politically appointed.

As the scandals widened—graft, political collections, kickbacks to contractors in the construction division—even Dr. Theobald was touched by them. He admitted having a pleasure boat built for him by vocational high school students, using the name of a relative. While a grand jury investigation did clear him of crime, it spoke of his "irregularities and improprieties."

Embattled, embroiled, and fighting for its very life, the Board of Education sent a hurried call in August to the State Education Department. The public, the board said, might be losing confidence in its schools as a result of the scandals. Would the state please look into how good the city's schools were? The department said it would, and thus was born last month's report.

In that same month of August, 1961, the State Commissioner of Education, Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., asked Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller to call a special session of the Legislature to cope with the crisis in the city system. The Legislature ousted the old school board, gave the one to be named the power to fire Dr. Theobald—although his contract had three years to run—and removed from the mayor the power to name the new school board. There-

—*Wide World.*

Supt. Gross and family: Gigi 8, Mrs. Gross and 1-year-old Glenn, Gary 4.

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Some Problems For Superintendent Gross

Elementary Schools

"There are insufficient classrooms in New York elementary schools. Last year there were 27,340 children in grades 2-6 on short sessions. Another 4,000 children of kindergarten age were on waiting lists last October, and although average class size was reported as 30.1, there were 135 classes of 40 or more."

"There are too few regular classroom teachers and too few specialist teachers in the elementary schools."

Junior High Schools

"There is a desperate need for more experienced and more stable teaching staffs in New York City junior high schools. Visiting teams found competent, dedicated teachers in all of the sample schools, but in most of the schools these teachers represented too small a minority, and their efforts were overshadowed by the very large numbers of inexperienced or out-of-license teachers."

High Schools

"There are high schools in New York that clearly rank among the very best in the United States. Their existence is a tribute to the people who administer them, supervise them, and teach in their classrooms . . . Nevertheless, in terms of service to the vast majority in the city, the high schools are hampered by serious limitations. Among these are the enormous size of some schools, inadequate number of teachers, overcrowding, heavy teaching loads, too many large classes, inadequate textbooks and instructional materials, inadequate guidance and other pupil personnel services, and far too little experimentation or departure from tradition."

—Excerpts from the State Education Department's Report on New York City's schools, Nov. 7, 1962.

after, the mayor would have to make his selections from a list of candidates prepared by an outstanding citizens' committee.

By the following month, a new Board of Education had been chosen. But Dr. Theobald squeaked through. Max J. Rubin, a lawyer who is now president of the new board, felt that breaking Dr. Theobald's contract was illegal. Yet Dr. Theobald refused to leave. Then, last May, he announced that he was resigning to become vice president for programmed instruction for U.S. Industries, Inc. The field was clear to pick a new superintendent, and the choice on October 23 of this year was the dynamic young Dr. Gross.

The school children of New York City—more than 1,000,000 of them this year—would, by themselves, populate the sixth largest city in the United States. The very immenseness of their numbers dwarfs the problems of other systems, and the state report conceded this fact. But the state still read off a roll call of deficiencies which was formidable: not enough textbooks or sufficiently modern texts, not enough classrooms, or special services, or good teaching, or willingness to experiment. And not enough money.

The state proposed that 5,300 new teaching positions be created at once (to add to the present 43,000 teachers). While conceding that some of its proposals might take $90,000,000 to carry out, the state nevertheless said that what is needed in the city "is not merely money, it is imagination, leadership, and willingness to try out new practices," especially in such fields as team teaching, independent study, and programmed instruction. But the greatest weakness of the state's survey lay in the fact that it established no priorities in its remedies. Out-of-date science texts were as "alarming" as out-of-date radio outlets, and lack of washroom towels as "shocking" as the inability of some high school seniors to read.

All of this mass of dreary facts and seemingly insurmountable problems doesn't seem to faze Dr. Gross in the least. "I could make a six-year agenda of the things to get going on," he said recently. "The instructional matters are the most important, but you can't consider these apart from buildings, teacher supplies, teacher recruitment, and salaries. All these things have to be done —and done soon."

Affable and direct, but shrewd in judgment, Dr. Gross will be tackling a system roughly fourteen times the size of Pittsburgh's (79,000 pupils). His salary will rise from $30,000 to $40,000 a year. And yet, to him, si is no particular problem; it is t pupils and what they should be taught that concern him most.

An admitted "three R" man, he can poke fun at the so-called progressive educator while admiring his ideals. "The progressive," he says, "talks about educating the whole child, but I think any good teacher has always taken the whole child into account. They say the child doesn't just bring his brain to school, but also his body, his soul, his emotions; that a farm boy is different from a city child; that a child is not a machine; that there is always a better way to motivate a child. That's all good theory but there comes a time when you have to say, 'Look, Sonny, this you have to learn.'"

Under today's pressures to teach all things to all pupils, educators have used the word "no" with "distressing infrequency," Dr. Gross says. "Latin and driver training are both advocated vociferously as studies essential to the production of an educated eighteen-year-old. Care of the teeth and care of the brain sometimes seem to be accorded equal educational importance. An administrator or a teacher needs strong backbone to resist pressures teach everything and to look after nearly every aspect of a child's welfare."

Thus Dr. Gross can honestly say that he is glad that the state survey of New York City schools did not put first things first. "Priorities are my business," he says firmly. "I want to retain my prerogative of choices — that's my job. I don't want to be spoon-fed by the State Education Department. I would like to consider this report as staff work."

But along with his obviously strong backbone, Dr. Gross has a deep compassion for the child who doesn't fit the mold. "In spite of all our talk of providing for individual differences," he says, "American public education has been geared too closely to the average. Children of extreme ability levels, both high and low, have not been given sufficient opportunity to develop their talents." Disadvantaged children can learn more than "English at the telephone level," no matter what a discouraged teacher may think.

"I know very well," he continues, "that some students refuse to learn anything, and I have tried to teach some of them; but I also think that we a possibly I.Q.-happy, or too impatient, or not resourceful enough if we reach the point where we deny the great majority of students the opportunity of gaining whatever degree or portion

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they can of a full, rounded, liberal education."

Dr. Gross conceded in a recent interview that the problem of disadvantaged children—and the city has plenty of them—was "part of the appeal which brought me to New York. Educating children from depressed areas is an essential part of the job in a large city. It's looking among children who come to school from an impoverished background—there you are more apt to miss a child. He might be a future Nobel prize winner. I would hate to think that a dozen Nobel prize winners would be lost in New York City because we didn't do our job properly. It's important to everybody—especially to the child concerned."

In Pittsburgh, where he has been superintendent for the last four years, Dr. Gross has gone looking for talent in that city's Hill District, which is 90 per cent Negro. Financed by a $528,400 grant from the Ford Foundation, the Hill project, featuring team teaching, was inspired by New York City's Higher Horizons program, offering culturally deprived youngsters their first trips to museums, concerts, and the like, and seeking to give them an incentive for college work.

Despite his championing of the three Rs, Dr. Gross is no traditionalist. Foundation money totaling $1,500,000 has poured into Pittsburgh during his tenure to support educational experimentation. He has the country's largest project in team teaching; by 1963-64 some 8,500 students in ten schools will be taught by teams of teachers. (By contrast, New York City now has only 900 pupils in a team teaching experiment that began this fall.) The building of portable schools designed for team teaching, language laboratories, advanced placement, a three-track curriculum, and a tough Directed Studies Program for the top 10 to 20 per cent of the gifted—these are some of the new projects Dr. Gross has brought to Pittsburgh.

On top of such experiments, he has conducted, since last December, a rigorous teacher recruitment program on a national scale. As a result, 500 teachers took examinations last February against 135 the year before. And in March, 548 showed up for interviews, against 370 the year before. "Our higher salaries made this possible," he explains. "We added $700 at top and bottom, with an average $450-a-year raise." (The scale is now $5,000 to $8,000). A canny politician, Dr. Gross financed the teacher raises though a .5 per cent wage tax which he personally steered through the Pennsylvania Legislature.

According to New York State Commissioner Allen, "the No. 1 problem for Dr. Gross in New York City will be recruiting and keeping good teachers. I am holding $50,000 from the New York Legislature to assist him in any way in studying recruitment and holding techniques for the much-needed personnel. I have great hopes." Dr. Allen also said that decentralizing the vast New York City system, "breaking down the budget to allow for a substantial amount of experimentation on a decentralized basis, with different approaches in different parts of the city," was the next most important step which should be taken.

Dr. Gross will bring to New York City not only imagination and a willingness to experiment, but also some seventeen years of teaching and administrative experience. Born in Los Angeles, he received his A.B. from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1940. He studied to be a mathematics teacher, and played the violin in the UCLA orchestra. After Army service in the Second World War (he served ultimately as information officer for General George Patton's Third Army) he returned to Los Angeles to teach—and to marry. He and his wife, the former Bernice Marjorie Hayman, have three children, Georgette (Gigi), now eight, Gary, four, and Glenn, one.

In 1947, Dr. Gross earned his M.S. from the University of Southern California, while teaching in Los Angeles schools. In 1950, he went to Harvard as an Education Fellow; he was then a vice principal. At Harvard, he says, "I knew for sure that what I really wanted to do was to control the school curriculum, organize the activities, build up the budget, schedule the buses, hire the teachers, and try my best to raise the educational standards. I never went back to Los Angeles."

He became superintendent in Weston, Massachusetts, and served from 1951 to 1956, receiving his doctorate from Harvard in 1955. From Weston he went to the Niskayuna School District outside of Schenectady, New York, as a district principal, and two years later was called to Pittsburgh. Then, as now, Dean Keppel of Harvard recommended him, a fact that has prompted some wags to say that the choice of new superintendents has passed from Teachers College, Columbia University, to the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Perhaps the greatest threat facing Dr. Gross in New York City is that the public and the teachers will greet him with a knight-on-a-white-charger complex. Dr. John H. Fischer, president of Teachers College and a member of the advisory committee which selected Dr. Gross, thinks this is a very real danger.

The school system that seeks to end its agony would do well to heed Dr. Fischer's words: "The problems of the New York City schools have been a very long time developing to the point which they have now reached. They cannot be blamed on any one person or any one cause—they will take a very long time to set right. I'm sure Dr. Gross doesn't expect to cure them in a short time—and no one else should expect him to, either."

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COLLEGES CAN OPERATE ALL YEAR

The nine-month school year of two semesters had its origins in an agrarian society in which students were needed to work on the farm during the summer months. The need of students for a long summer vacation has disappeared, but many colleges—particularly private liberal arts institutions—still close their doors and allow their buildings, laboratories, and libraries to stand unused from June through September. Most of the state and municipal institutions, and a fair number of private ones, now maintain some kind of summer school but often they look upon it as a dangling appendage with a curriculum designed primarily for returning school teachers rather than as an integral part of the school year.

The coming enrollment pressures will make it essential that all colleges use their facilities for twelve months of the year. Some of the new plans for such use are described in the following articles.

The quarter plan of four equal time-segments running throughout the year has been in operation on a number of campuses for thirty years and more, but the 3-3 plan and the Kalamazoo plan are quarter plans which deviate in important respects from the conventional pattern. The Antioch work-study plan is forty years old, but Antioch has only recently adopted a year-round calendar. The trimester is relatively new and consequently needs a fuller explanation.

1. The Trimester System

By EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, *Chancellor, University of Pittsburgh.*

THE trimester system, for lengthening the academic year, has been operating successfully at the University of Pittsburgh since September, 1959.

Educators and legislators have greeted it as a means of getting more efficient use of existing educational plants, which cost the same to maintain whether they are operated eight, nine, or eleven months of the year. The plan, if adopted nationwide, could reduce the $10 billion needed in the next decade for new facilities to about $6 billion.

But though these considerations are important, they are not primary—and somehow the two basic reasons for its adoption are lost in the discussion of the trimester plan as a time-saver and a cost-saver.

The first, ironically enough, was a genuine concern that students are spending too little time in higher education, rather than too much. The second is a moral conviction.

It had been our philosophy even prior to the introduction of trimester that, in order to be properly educated for life in today's complex society, the student should have an undergraduate liberal arts base capped with some professional training or advanced academic work at the graduate level—not just the liberal arts, but both liberal arts and graduate work.

The problem was to find new time for him to achieve both goals without seriously delaying his entrance into a profession or career. Trimester was chosen as the instrument through which the university eventually might be able to program undergraduate and graduate study as a single, continuous academic experience for virtually every entering student.

Here is how it works:

The academic year is divided into three fifteen-week terms or "trimesters." Each trimester is the equivalent of a semester under the traditional two-term system. To accommodate the three trimesters without reducing the number of class days in each term, the school year is lengthened from the usual eight or nine months to eleven months, the summer vacation is shortened from three months to one, and the length of other vacation and holiday periods is likewise reduced.

As under the traditional calendar, the student must successfully complete eight terms for graduation with the baccalaureate degree. However, with three terms in each year instead of two, he is able to do this in two and two-thirds years instead of four.

With the system also operative at the graduate level, thereby providing a further savings, the bachelor's and master's degrees can be earned in the sam number of years as were previously required for undergraduate work alone, and in some cases in fewer.

In other words, the student gets more education in the same period of time rather than the same education in less time. This is the whole point of the plan.

The fall trimester at Pitt begins the first week of September and ends at the Christmas holidays. The winter trimester begins shortly after the first of January and extends into mid-April. The spring term starts in April and concludes in early August. There is at least a one-week break between each term and the next, and a month-long vacation between the spring and fall terms.

This division of the calendar provides seventy-seven days of instruction and six days for final exams, review, or reading in each term; the latter period is used in whichever of those ways seems best to the individual departments. The total of eighty-three class days is comparable to the number of days per term at institutions under the semester system.

The same amount of work is also covered in each trimester as was cov ered in the semester under the previous system, and credits from a trimester at one institution are transferable to semester credits at another without penalty.

Attendance at all three terms each

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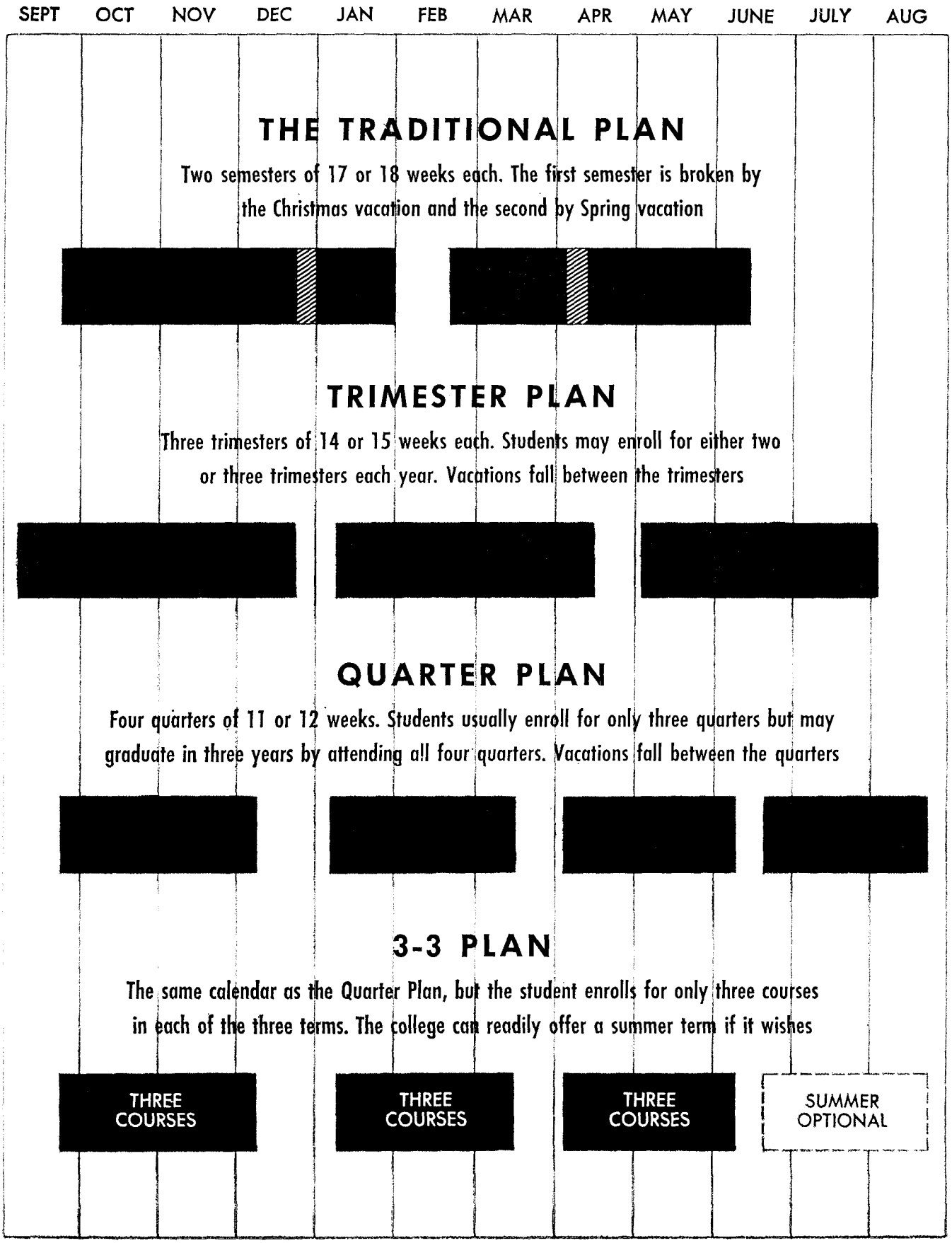
College Calendars


SEPT
OCT
NOV
DEC
JAN
FEB
MAR
APR
MAY
JUNE
JULY
AUG
THE TRADITIONAL PLAN
Two semesters of 17 or 18 weeks each. The first semester is broken by the Christmas vacation and the second by Spring vacation
TRIMESTER PLAN
Three trimesters of 14 or 15 weeks each. Students may enroll for either two or three trimesters each year. Vacations fall between the trimesters
QUARTER PLAN
Four quarters of 11 or 12 weeks. Students usually enroll for only three quarters but may graduate in three years by attending all four quarters. Vacations fall between the quarters
3-3 PLAN
The same calendar as the Quarter Plan, but the student enrolls for only three courses in each of the three terms. The college can readily offer a summer term if it wishes
THREE COURSES
THREE COURSES
THREE COURSES
SUMMER OPTIONAL

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year is optional for the student at Pitt. He may elect to go to school for eleven months in some years and not in others, or he may choose to complete his undergraduate work in the usual two-terms-a-year fashion. And if he decides to take a term off, he need not do so in the summer; he can choose any trimester for a vacation period.

We are convinced that the student who normally works during the summer to meet college expenses would be better off in the long run to attend school the year around under the trimester plan, borrow the money for his education, and pay off the loan with the appreciably higher remuneration available to him after graduation a year or more earlier than usual.

However, we realize that this is not always feasible. Some students will continue to work their way through college. But even under these circumstances, trimester offers advantages: it affords the student a much longer period for employment during the summer months (from mid-April to early September) or it gives him the option of taking his vacation at a time of the year when the job market is less glutted with students.

Faculty, too, have an option with trimester. The normal faculty appointment continues to be for two terms. But if the faculty member elects to teach during the third term, he is able to increase his income by one-third. For an associate professor making $9,000, this means a raise in annual pay to $12,000. (Obviously, however, he cannot be allowed to do this indefinitely to the detriment of other professional summer activities.)

Adoption of the trimester calendar in all of the undergraduate and most of the graduate schools at Pitt has enabled the university to plan and make some significant curriculum changes in line with its educational philosophy.

We recently have done away with all undergraduate specialization in business, for example. Business education now is exclusively at the graduate level. It is a one-year program under trimester and it is open to graduates with degrees in the liberal arts, natural sciences, or engineering. The total elapsed time from freshman year to Master of Business Administration degree is less than four years. A similar plan is in effect in our School of Education.

In other schools, such as medicine, the expansion of knowledge in the field has led to a lengthening of the curriculum. Trimester has enabled us to make this change without extending the total number of years the student spends in study.

Each year since 1959, 4,500 to 5,500 young people in a total student body of some 13,000 have elected to attend the third or spring term. This past April, the first seventy-one students to go all the way through on the trimester calendar completed their undergraduate work. Most were above-average students and more than half indicated that they plan professional or graduate study beyond the baccalaureate degree.

Some twenty-eight other colleges and universities have adopted the trimester plan in the last three years. Included in the list is the entire higher educational system of the State of Florida, the Oakland campus of Michigan State, the University of Michigan, and Harpur College of the Liberal Arts in Binghamton, New York. The University of Southern California is experimenting with it in its graduate business administration and education programs; New York University has it for its College of Medicine and Dentistry; and it was recommended for the New York State system in the recent Heald report.

In addition, eighty-five colleges and universities are known to have committees seriously considering the trimester system and a number of others have adopted or are considering a year-round calendar based on the quarter system.

The University of Pittsburgh holds no special brief for the trimester plan as opposed to any other system. It seems best for us with our philosophy and in our circumstances. But we *are* evangelistic about the concept of year-round education.

And here, finally, is where we reach the moral argument.

In enabling a young man or woman to prepare for life in a shorter period of time, we direct his or her attention to other values—namely, employing one's capabilities to the maximum, probing the depths of one's resources, and accepting work as a necessary part of meaningful human existence. Above all else, we believe our society needs a kind of education that fosters such tenets.

For Further Information

A new pamphlet giving the rationale for 12-month operation of college campuses, and containing descriptions of year-round plans at thirty-five colleges and universities will be published about January 15 by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. Called "The Year Round Campus Catches On" the pamphlet provides an up-to-date inventory of developments in the field. It will be available without charge from the Fund, 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

2. *The Kalamazoo Plan*

By WEIMER HICKS, *President, Kalamazoo College.*

KALAMAZOO College is a private, coeducational, liberal arts institution which has maintained a highly respected academic program through the years. Standards are high: 51 per cent of entering freshmen in 1961 ranked in the top 10 per cent of their high school classes, and in science Kalamazoo has consistently stood near the top of all colleges in the United States in the production of graduates who later become successful candidates for the Ph.D. degree. Until 1961 Kalamazoo followed the conventional two-semester plan.

The new Kalamazoo Plan divides the year into four eleven-week quarters of three subjects each instead of the usual five or six. Most courses require more independent study in library or laboratory, less dependence on classroom recitation. The plan differs from other quarter plans in that not all quarters are spent on campus. Credit is given for time spent in study abroad and for career and service activities off-campus.

Two tracks lead to the B.A. degree. The first is a four-year track consisting of ten quarters on campus and two to five credit-earning quarters off, including at least one quarter abroad at no additional expense. Students start in September and pay only fifteen quarters tuition up to commencement. Tuition under the two-semester plan has been $1,920 for the equivalent of sixteen quarters. Pro-rated at $640 a quarter, annual tuition for the fifteen quarters averages out to $1,760 under the new plan.

The second is a three-year track for students who have come to college with advanced placement credit from high school equivalent to a college quarter. It consists of nine quarters on campus and two or three credit-earning terms away from the college.

The Kalamazoo Plan encourages a

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directed experience for the student during his time off-campus to make it an integral part of his total education. The off-campus senior quarter, for example, may be spent in original research or in reading for a senior thesis in the student's own field of major interest.

We know from observation that the best students learn much over the summers—from work experiences, travel, reading, and attending summer sessions. It seems a safe assumption that all students, with somewhat more direction, will likewise profit by such experiences and that, without formal classes, they will still be learning, maturing, and solving new problems.

The Kalamazoo Plan provides for 50 per cent increase in enrollment without additional capital expenditures for dormitory and classroom space. This is made possible by year-round use of plant and the staggered scheduling of students in residence and off-campus. The study-abroad features of the plan extend the campus boundaries to the perimeters of the world and will stimulate a new consciousness of international responsibility and service. The quarters devoted to vocational exploration through off-campus work keyed to academic interests will foster more intelligent and compatible career decisions.

Superior students who select the three-year track will be able to enter graduate or professional school a year earlier.

Faculty salaries will be paid on a twelve-month basis, but each faculty member will have a free quarter each year to keep abreast of progress within his discipline, to undertake research, and to reorganize his courses in the light of current developments. The road to mediocrity for a college professor comes when he attempts to teach around the calendar.

Kalamazoo's faculty will increase only 33 per cent while enrollment rises 50 per cent, permitting salaries to reach new levels through the increased tuition income. Yet the teaching load has been reduced to two courses because students take only three subjects at a time.

While efficiency, tuition costs, and salaries are important, greater student achievement supersedes these. This year we have seen the number on the dean's list jump 50 per cent, while drop-outs fell below the previous seven-year average. Independent study has brought library usage up 45 per cent. We are encouraged to think we are on the right path to producing more students better equipped for their contemporary world than we were for ours.

How The Kalamazoo Plan Operates

THE FOUR YEAR STUDENT will enter in the fall, spend a total of 10 quarters on campus and 4 or 5 off-campus and graduate in June after four years.

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING	SUMMER
FRESHMEN	campus	campus	campus	career service or vacation
SOPHOMORES	campus	campus	career service or vacation	campus
JUNIORS	study abroad	study abroad or career service or vacation	campus	campus
SENIORS	campus / off-campus study	off-campus study / campus	campus	XXXXXXXX

THE THREE YEAR STUDENT will enter college in June, immediately after high school graduation and will graduate from college three years later.

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING	SUMMER
FRESHMEN & SOPHOMORES	XXXXXXXXX / campus	XXXXXXXXX / campus	XXXXXXX / career service	campus / campus
JUNIORS	campus	study abroad	campus	campus
SENIORS	campus / off-campus study	off-campus study / campus	campus	XXXXXXXX

3. *The Antioch Plan*

By MARJORIE FREED, *Director, Antioch College News Bureau.*

ANTIOCH COLLEGE'S pattern-setting year-round operation, now in the second quarter of its second full year, is based on a forty-year-old conviction that education can occur outside the classroom.

For it was forty years ago that Dr. Arthur E. Morgan reorganized Antioch and introduced the cooperative plan of study-plus-work into a liberal arts college.

A four-quarter, year-round schedule was adopted in July, 1961 as Antioch's response to the twin pressures of mounting enrollment and rising costs. At that time, Antioch, for all practical purposes, became two colleges, using one campus, one plant, one faculty. By grafting a year-round schedule of classes to an already proven educational process of alternating study and work periods, Antioch was able to divide its student body, including incoming freshmen, into two separate divisions. While students in Division A study on campus, those in Division B are on jobs secured for them in some thirty-five states and a dozen foreign countries. Periodically the two divisions trade places. Each division alternates two study quarters of eleven weeks each with two work periods of thirteen weeks each, with short vacations in between.

A typical schedule of study and work periods for any given year might be:

Group	Summer (July-Sept.)	Fall (Oct.-Dec.)	Winter (Jan.-Mar.)	Spring (Apr.-June)
A	Study	Work	Study	Work
B	Work	Study	Work	Study

The following year, to insure seasonal employment opportunities for all, the divisions would switch quarter cycles.

The calendar does not shorten the Antioch program. It is basically a five-

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year plan, though about 20 per cent of the students graduate in four years.

A variety of concerns motivated Antioch to change to a twelve-month calendar: a desire to take its fair share of rocketing enrollment; the need to control costs through efficient, year-round use of college resources; fear lest mounting enrollment destroy its traditionally student-centered program.

After a study financed by a Carnegie Corporation grant, Antioch decided that the addition of a full and compulsory summer session for half its student body each year, plus strict alternation of work and study periods, would enable it to increase total enrollment by 25 per cent with only a 10 per cent increase in faculty and staff. It was also hoped that the plan would stabilize on-campus student population in any one quarter to about 800.

As Morton A. Rauh, financial vice president, said at the time: "Whatever the virtues of teaching at opposite ends of a log in the time of Mark Hopkins, the log is assuredly an outdated standard of educational plant. Today it costs around $4,000 merely to provide a bed for a student to sleep in."

Rauh today is convinced of the economic efficiency of the year-round plan. He says Antioch's experience indicates that 1) a college can increase its capacity without increasing its plant; 2) certain fixed costs, such as insurance, retirement plans, etc., are independent of both the number of students and the length of the academic year; 3) some substantial costs of certain salaries and services, such as those of the President's Office, do not increase proportionately with the number of students.

On the question of faculty-student increases, Dean of Faculty W. Boyd Alexander reports an 8 per cent increase in faculty for 1962-63 over 1959-60 although total enrollment will have increased 25 per cent, from 1,275 to 1,600. Since Antioch is in session four quarters a year but regular faculty are on duty only three quarters, this 8 per cent increase includes visiting faculty who pick up the extra quarter's load.

And, although Antioch's enrollment this year is 1,600 as compared to 1,450 last year, only 700 students were on campus this fall as opposed to 915 last fall; 775 this winter against 875 last winter.

One reservation last year was that it might be difficult to recruit qualified freshmen to begin their college careers in the summer.

"After three quarters," declared President James P. Dixon, "we can say with assurance that those students who joined the Antioch community last July are well equipped to maintain our academic standards."

Dean Alexander says, "Many academic people still think of the liberal arts college in the gentleman's tradition, and find the idea of a work program anti-intellectual and even repugnant. We, on the other hand, are convinced that the cooperative experience, motivating students and exposing them to the outside world, exerts a dynamic influence on the whole academic program."

While agreeing that education is the main goal of Antioch's program, Dean of Students J. D. Dawson points out that "no college should apologize for giving serious attention to vocational guidance and preparation. A person's vocation is far more than an economic concern. It concerns his intellectual interests, his social relations, and his personal satisfactions. It represents for most men and women their significant contribution to society."

At Antioch, the alternation of study and work starts in the freshman year and continues for all students throughout their undergraduate years. At first, there is no attempt to correlate jobs and concurrent studies precisely, because the college believes that any job and off-campus living situation will furnish experience to test and supplement the ideas and substance of many general education courses.

That a high proportion of students modify their career plans or change their fields of concentration after several co-op jobs also fits the master plan, for in this way students discover their real interests and talents in time to change their educational preparation.

And if there is difficulty at times arranging jobs which have relevance for students majoring in history, literature, and philosophy, Antioch says this, too, is valid educationally. "It is desirable for students in fields which are not vocationally oriented to explore realistically occupational possibilities. Otherwise some of them would never face up to working out a suitable occupation," says Dean Dawson.

Usually, however, jobs do take on a professional character in upperclass years. Students currently are working as biologists, chemists, physicists, geologists, mathematicians, engineers; as psychological aides, recreation workers, teachers; as junior auditors, news reporters, editorial assistants, language translators. The jobs are not a means of "working your way through college," although some students do save part of their earnings to pay college costs.

Antioch's commitment to what President Dixon calls "non-residential learning" was extended five years ago when Antioch Education Abroad was launched. Cut to the college's regular pattern of alternating study and work, the program capitalizes on the unique features of other countries and universities, chiefly in France, Germany, and Mexico.

As Dr. Dixon has said, "Possibly all of this--the year-round plan, the co-op program, study abroad — simply illustrates Antioch's belief that education is a continuing process, and our hope that an educational experience which operates continuously for five years will strengthen the desire and ability of Antiochians to continue their education throughout their lives."

4. The 3-3 Plan

By JOSEPH E. McCABE, *President, Coe College.*

"DO NOT teach too many subjects. . . . What you teach, teach thoroughly," Alfred North Whitehead writes in "Aims of Education."

On the assumption that Whitehead knew something about the educational process, a number of quality colleges are taking the above advice seriously. One result has been the 3-3 Plan, which is either in operation now, or in process of being adopted, on various campuses whose dedication to excellence is unquestioned. Dartmouth, Carleton, Goucher, Earlham, and Lake Forest, among others, are on the 3-3 Plan now. Next year they will be joined by Lawrence, Monmouth, and Coe. Other faculties and governing boards are examining 3-3 as a possibility for them, in an effort to make the organization of the academic year contribute to Whitehead's dictum.

At first glance the plan is simplicity itself. The academic year from September to June is divided into three terms, and in each term the student takes three subjects. This basic structure does not answer all the questions about 3-3; but the structure is so clear that all questions must be faced in the light of its basic simplicity.

The 3-3 Plan is rapidly taking its place with the Semester System, the Quarter System, and the Trimester System, as possible ways of organizing the academic year. The 3-3 Plan differs most significantly from other plans by limiting to three the number of courses

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a student is carrying at any one time. Under most of the other systems the student is enrolled in four or five courses at any given time. The basic assumption of 3-3, then, is that concentration is related to quality. A student can focus more carefully and give more diligent attention to three subjects at a time than he can to four or five. This is the basic educational premise of the 3-3 Plan.

The bonus for the professor under the 3-3 Plan is that he is involved in only three courses throughout the term. Most college teachers in America are responsible for four courses through the term. The assumption that the student will learn better if he concentrates on only three subjects at a time is matched by the correlative assumption that the professor will teach better if he must meet only three different classes during the week rather than four.

Under 3-3 the division of the calendar year also contributes to concentration. Under the semester system, which is still the most prevalent system in American colleges and universities, vacation periods come at Christmas and Easter. The student goes home for Christmas, carrying textbooks and lecture notes, and loaded with good intentions to bring up his daily class work or to get that term paper launched. The road to "D" or worse is paved with holiday intentions. Furthermore, when the student goes home for Christmas or Easter vacations under the Semester Plan the hurdle of final exams is still to be faced upon his return. The two main vacation periods thus "break" each semester, leaving a lame-duck session to be completed when students return to the campus.

Under the 3-3 Plan the term ends, with final exams completed, before the student goes home for Christmas vacation, and again before he goes home for the Spring vacation. This same benefit exists, of course, under the Quarter System. But most students in American colleges are enrolled under the Semester System, where Christmas and Easter vacations "break" the term, whereas under the 3-3 Plan these vacation periods mark the completion of the term.

Independent study is furthered by the 3-3 Plan. It seems safe to assume that no quality educational program for higher education can bypass the possibility of independent study. Under 3-3 each subject has five class periods per week allotted to it. The professor may meet his class all five times if he chooses. However, most colleges on 3-3 recommend that the professor meet his class three or four times, thus leaving one or two class hours free for tests and for independent study. In whatever manner the week's schedule is arranged, the net effect of 3-3 is to place more of the burden for learning squarely on the student, which is the only way he will learn when college days are over.

Year-round operation of our colleges and universities is a growing trend. We are going to see more demand from those who support higher education for colleges not to stand idle twelve or sixteen weeks a year as most campuses do now. Further, the possibility of completing the college course in three years will be demanded by more and more students.

The 3-3 Plan is admirably suited for this transition to a year-round operation, for the summer term can be exactly the same in length as the other three terms, and still leave faculty and students with a two-to-four-week vacation period between the end of summer term and the opening of the term in September.

Efficiency of operation is enhanced by the 3-3 Plan in that fewer classrooms are needed for a given number of courses. Suppose a college offers 600 courses in an academic year. Under the two-semester system 300 courses would be offered each semester. Under the 3-3 Plan 200 courses would be offered each term, thus reducing the number of classrooms required to offer a given number of courses in a full academic year.

Concentration on fewer subjects at a time by the student, preparation of fewer subjects at a time by the professor, vacation periods which divide the year rather than break it, the enhancement of independent study, efficiency of operation, and the possibility of year-round operation—these are the values hoped for in the adoption of the 3-3 Plan.

What Students Ask About 3-3

Could I transfer to another college which is not on 3-3? Quite readily—the term course is sound academic currency and can be translated into quarter hours or semester hours.

What if I'm not good at independent study? Now's the time to learn. It's the only kind of study you will be doing for the next fifty years after you graduate. Besides, 3-3 is largely structured as usual; independent study is a significant but not a major part of the program.

Isn't flunking a course more serious under 3-3? Yes. Since each term course is worth more credit than a three-hour semester course, a failure is more difficult to make up. However, some provision is made for make-up, and secondly, since you are carrying only three courses and can concentrate on each, the possibility of failing one is lessened.

If I'm taking only three courses, where's the "snap course" students talk of building into their schedule? There isn't any under 3-3 and there shouldn't be a snap course under any system.

What happens to athletics? There are scheduling problems, but most colleges on 3-3 have carried their full athletic program right over from their former quarter or semester program almost intact.

How does 3-3 differ from the quarter system? The length of the term is the same, but the number of courses you take at any one time is the great difference. Under the quarter system a student takes four or five courses per quarter while under 3-3 obviously he takes but three.

What happens to Thanksgiving vacation? It's gone. The whole college takes off Thursday only. (Parents note: This eliminates that all-night driving on crowded highways to get halfway across the country for a turkey dinner which has already been spoiled for you by worrying if they will get home safely.)

Will graduate schools accept students from 3-3 colleges? Quite definitely. Graduate schools are concerned about the specific courses you took and the quality of the instruction, not about how the academic year was divided in your undergraduate college.

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Why Clea Can't Write

By GORDON FOSTER, *who is pursuing a doctoral program in educational administration at a large state university in the Midwest.*

IN HIS "Bookshelf" column of September 15, 1962, *Saturday Review*'s education editor wondered why teachers don't seem to be writing books these days. "Of course they are busy people," he said, "but all writers are busy people."

And, of course, all farmers are busy people and so are all baseball pitchers. Louis Bromfield had time to write because he was a gentleman farmer and Jim Brosnan has come out with an occasional book inspired by those long, dreamy periods in the Cincinnati bullpen; but the point is that for the most part baseball pitchers pitch, farmers farm, writers write, and teachers teach. If we really wonder why teachers are not speaking up, let's visit one and see for ourselves.

The scene before us is the modest residence of Clea and Darley Pursewarden and their small family of thriving adolescents. Their house, which has recently been covered with a homogeneous stucco to hide its decaying clapboards, is functionally convenient to Midwest State, well known by now for its colleges of agriculture, dentistry, and education. It is at the latter that Darley is attempting to complete his doctoral studies while Clea runs the household, wards off the relatives, and drives the children to the city for their weekly rounds with the orthodontist. Clea finances these assorted activities—and her husband's insatiable thirst for knowledge—by teaching the sixth grade at the Gestalt Elementary School. She has just returned from Gestalt.

CLEA: You wrote a sweet introduction for me, darling, but you make it all sound so darned unprofessional—sort of like I was just teaching for the money. After all, I belong to the NEA, the OEA, the AFT, the NCTE, and the Department of Classroom Teachers, not to mention the AAUW, Pi Lambda Theta, and the National Curriculum Committee for Protestant Sunday School Teachers. And by next spring I'll be eligible for the local AA group. How professional can one get?

DARLEY: Okay, I get the message. Do all professional people handle as much money as you do?

CLEA: They handle more than I do, silly, but the big difference is they get to keep most of theirs. I had another big day financially—$62 for workbooks, $32.50 for lunches, $47.25 for the Arrow Book Club, $22 for next week's field trip to the museum, $38 for high school football tickets, and $13 for flowers for that junior high teacher whose husband shot himself yesterday.

DARLEY: What happens if you lose some of it?

CLEA: You raise such interesting questions. It so happens that today I pulled a "Dewey" and had the children set up a little bank to handle all the money themselves. This left me free to help the school nurse with our monthly classroom check for eyes and ears. The children were able to get experience in handling real money and in keeping accurate financial records. You know, Darley, the sort of motivation for learning that they always blast about in teachers' colleges. The little darlings looked so sweet and businesslike, and they only came up $42 short.

DARLEY: That means I'll have to type the dissertation myself. I thought the Fund for the Advancement of Education sponsored some research in Bay City, Michigan, about ten years ago which indicated that it made sense for schools to employ teachers' aides to do this sort of work so you could teach.

CLEA: Right! The Bay City Plan encouraged many schools to have their essential but nonprofessional chores handled by teachers' aides. Jobs like keeping attendance records, supervising the lunchroom and playground, collecting money from the students, and even grading papers were taken care of in this manner. But it takes decades for most schools to adapt to new educational ideas or inventions, and unfortunately Gestalt Elementary is not what Paul Mort would have called a "pioneer."

DARLEY: Just like Midwest State. What made you so late tonight? Teachers' meetings usually don't endure past five o'clock.

CLEA: We had another orgy of rhetoric. We were inspired by an unexpected visit from the superintendent, Mr. Scroggs, who presented a plan adopted by the board of education for all classroom teachers to help pass the new school tax levy. He was real enthused over an article he had just read in the *Ladies Home Post* by Admiral Onceover suggesting that we wouldn't be behind Russia in the space race . . . all teachers had really lived up to their school pledge. Gestalt didn't even have a pledge so Scroggs and the principal got together in a hurry and came up with one which we are now reciting before every teachers' meeting.

DARLEY: This should be good!

CLEA: Judge for yourself. I repeat from memory: "I pledge allegiance to the spirit of the Gestalt Elementary School and to the philosophy for which it stands. One policy, indisputable, with social adjustment and freedom of discussion for all."

DARLEY: Superb! And what was the board's plan to pass the tax levy?

CLEA: Scroggs compared it all to a football game. He said that to score a victory in the election we would have to get the tax levy over the taxpayer's goal line. He hoped we would field a team that was exceptionally rugged in public relations. As superintendent he would call the plays, he and the principals would carry the ball, and the teachers would make up the front line. Close games are usually won in the line, Scroggs said.

DARLEY: Block that metaphor! What constitutes a good performance by guard or tackle?

CLEA: We have to sign up for a quota of so many votes. If we can each guarantee to convince thirty or more citizens to vote for the levy, Scroggs says we'll win. The curriculum supervisor has developed a clever social studies unit entitled "Gestalt Builds Better Citizens," which cuts across all subjects and is calculated to agitate many parents into voting. The only drawback is that I have to drop the regular curriculum for three weeks, and this will crowd me in the spring. We never get through half our material as it is.

DARLEY: Speaking of parents, Mrs. Binet called and asked if you would bake a cake and five dozen doughnuts for the PTA carnival next week. I told her I would be doing the cooking since you were scheduled to go to the hospital for three days to have some varicose veins deflated and an accumulation of chalk dust drained from your sinus. She suggested I just buy the stuff at the bakery and have one of the kids bring it to school.

CLEA: That was sweet of her, wasn't it? Mrs. Binet is so considerate.

DARLEY: She also wanted to come over and talk with you some night this week about Rodney's school work. It seems that Scroggs told Mr. Binet at a lodge meeting that Rodney's I.Q.

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score on the kindergarten "Draw-a-Man" test was only 110, and they were beginning to worry about Rodney's getting into Yardarm. All the Binets have graduated from Yardarm. I told her not to worry—that I was sure Midwest would welcome Rodney if his score was only 100. She apparently got mad because she hung up on me.

CLEA: You have always been so clever at counseling with people.

DARLEY: I almost forgot that Mrs. Phonics called, too. She wanted to ask your advice even though you aren't Percy's teacher. She has been reading all the nasty things that have been said lately about the Dick and Jane stories, and she is worried because she remembers Percy just loved the Dick and Jane stories. Did this mean that there was something wrong with Percy? I suggested that he probably hadn't resolved the Oedipus complex satisfactorily and that she should make an appointment with our analyst. She asked, "For Percy?" and I said, "No, for you." At this point the conversation got rather confused and I don't remember just how it ended. You're looking very tired all of a sudden. Did anything else happen today?

CLEA: Just the regular miscellany. The daily teachers' bulletin announced that for the month of October we would be responsible for parent conferences at the school two nights a week. At morning recess Jimmy Sumpson came in with a bloody nose and it took twenty minutes to get it stopped. Three of the poorer kids turned up without any lunch money and I gave up another dollar rather than see them go hungry.

DARLEY: Won't the school pay for that?

CLEA: Theoretically, but it takes at least three weeks and several forms have to be filled out which the parents never return. The kids still come in without any food. After lunch the guidance director told us that we had to give group intelligence and achievement tests to our pupils, score them ourselves, and interpret the results to the parents as best we could. I had to arrange for two girls to go home early because of upset stomachs, and the bookmobile arrived just before bus time. Is dinner ready? I hear the kids.

DARLEY: Nearly ready. But aren't you forgetting that you registered at Midwest for an evening class in children's literature so you could renew your certificate next fall? The class starts in fifteen minutes.

CLEA: Oh God! And I was just thinking about starting to write a good book tonight. *Saturday Review's* education editor said a few weeks ago that he wondered why public school teachers were not speaking up.

Report Card

DRUDGERY DEHUMIDIFIED. Dr. J. B. Johnson, superintendent of schools in Alton, Illinois, discussing the benefits of air-conditioned classrooms at a school facilities conference in Atlanta recently, said they result in happier students and teachers, more original thinking, better decisions, and fewer disciplinary problems. "One barrier that must be overcome," he observed, "is the notion that students must sweat to get an education."

IT WAS INEVITABLE. The superintendent of schools in Nashua, New Hampshire, moving swiftly to eliminate the latest in classroom distractions, has told his high school girls that they'll have to stop wearing wigs. And in London, the student leader of a boys' school warned his charges that winkle-pickers must go. They're pointed shoes.

QUITE. The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London recently published the following excerpt from the Nyasaland Education Ordinance of 1962: "The Registrar of Teachers may order the removal from the Register of Teachers of the name of and may withdraw or suspend for a specified period not exceeding twelve months the authority to teach of any teacher who—(a) dies."

EXCUSES, EXCUSES! In Wickenburg, Arizona, a high school student who commutes from a ranch northeast of town recently explained to the principal why he was late: "The stage was delayed." And in Richmond, Virginia, when the Henrico County school board sent out a questionnaire to find out why students drove to high school instead of taking the bus, it received this reply: "Because I have to take my wife to work."

"'TWAS BRILLIG, AND THE SLITHY TOVES . . ." A foreign student at the University of Oklahoma, asked recently if he was having a language problem, replied: "Actually, I have no trouble with English. It's just the idiotisms."

THE PRICE WAS RIGHT. A 25-year-old schoolmistress recently resigned her post in Kingsbridge, England, to become a bookmaker. For the past four years she has been teaching school by day and working as a clerk-accountant in a bookmaking establishment by night. Now she's decided to open her own shop—on Winner Street.

. . . AND TWIRL THOSE PHI BETA KAPPA KEYS! In response to a student's plea for a cheer "demonstrating sophistication, specificity, and intelligence," the cheerleaders at the University of Kentucky came up with this one just before the game with Louisiana State:

Activate your biceps
Exercise your triceps
Hit 'em with your metacarpals
Kick 'em with your metatarsals
Catapult them back to LSU
Decapitate just a few
Oh, peregrinate to victory, UK
Liquidate those "Tigers" right away!

(*Contributed by Harvey Sherer, Vice President, Business Administration, University of Kentucky.*)

THE HEMINGWAY TOUCH. When the new Dundee elementary school in Greenwich, Connecticut, was dedicated recently, parents strolling through the corridors on a tour of inspection were struck by this student theme posted on the bulletin board: "I have a guinea pig. His name is Chatter. My friend has two hamsters. One hamster killed the other hamster."

ENROLLMENT FORECAST. The University of Miami's experimental school, where student teachers put into practice theories they have learned in class, is so popular with parents that some women rush to the registrar's office as soon as they discover they are about to become mothers. A secretary at the school said recently that 20 per cent of the 400 children on the waiting list haven't been born yet.

CHRISTMAS STORY. Bryan High School in Yellow Springs, Ohio, maintains an experimental forest as part of its science program, and once a year at this time the Student Council stages a Christmas tree festival. Trees are sold to stores, schools, and householders in the surrounding area, and the ancient custom of finding and cutting your own tree is observed. Hot chocolate and cookies are served to customers around a blazing campfire, and Christmas carols are sung.

—JOHN SCANLON.

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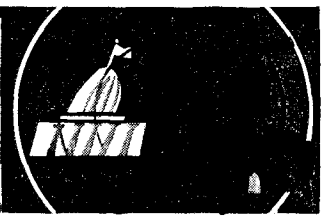
While School Keeps



ACCREDITATION POLICIES and practices of the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education continue to stir controversy among the nation's colleges and universities (see *SR*, October 20). The most recent example comes from the University of Wisconsin School of Education, where late last month, the faculty voted unanimously to withdraw the school's application for reaccreditation of its undergraduate program. Faculty action came after NCATE reaccredited the university's graduate program, but tentatively decided to grant only provisional accreditation to the undergraduate program.

NCATE's decision was based, it is reported, on the School of Education's failure to maintain full control over its students' study programs, weaknesses, and lack of uniformity in some courses, and the lack of a modern education building on the Madison campus. Much of the criticism, according to the university, centered on the School of Education's practice of including professors from academic departments as voting members of its faculty. This arrangement, traditional at Wisconsin and strongly recommended by many critics of contemporary teacher education programs, gives departments from throughout the university a strong voice in planning teacher education programs.

Dean Lindley J. Stiles of the School of Education recommended withdrawal of Wisconsin's application for reaccreditation despite receipt of notification from Dr. W. Earl Armstrong, NCATE Director, that the accrediting body's executive committee had reconsidered, on the basis of fuller information, and now recommended full accreditation for the Wisconsin program at NCATE's meeting in May. "A number of other institutions are in trouble with NCATE," Stiles told the approximately 125 faculty members at the meeting. "If we don't do something, no other institution will."

Spokesmen for the School of Education emphasized that they have no objection to accreditation, but that they do oppose NCATE's policies and practices in evaluating and accrediting teacher education programs. "The University of Wisconsin's teacher training program is nationally recognized as one of the finest in the U.S.," Dean Stiles said. "If we do not fit NCATE's standards, it is time to review those standards."

A POSITIVE SIDE OF ACCREDITATION is illustrated dramatically by the action taken last month by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the regional accrediting agency, in placing Mississippi state colleges and universities on probation. In the wake of the riots touched off by the admission of James H. Meredith, first Negro student enrolled at the University of Mississippi, the Southern Association, in effect, warned politicians and pressure groups in the state to keep hands off the institutions of higher learning. It also warned the administration and faculty at individual schools to maintain normal student discipline to insure "a climate conducive to intellectual pursuits." Accreditation, then, not only enforces minimum academic standards for schools, but also provides a bulwark for faculty and administration against outside pressures that are non-academic in origin and intent. The doughty little band of men who make up the University of Mississippi's chapter of the American Association of University Professors (see *SR*, Nov. 17) were well aware of this bulwark when they issued their courageous statement of October 3 on events at Ole Miss.

ADULT EDUCATION has long suffered from lack of definition. What does—or should — it include? Only academic studies? Vocational training? Basket weaving, folk dancing, and driver education? Or should it include anything a group of adults in the community wants to study? No one has ever decided—and as a result, enrollment figures for "adult education" have varied wildly from one source to another. Nor has agreement ever been reached on who should take responsibility for it. Local school systems do it most often, but if college-level courses are offered, should they be taught only at a college or university? What agency should teach citizenship, or beginning reading for illiterate adults, or vocational training? And who should pay for it? The community that benefits indirectly? Or the adult student who benefits directly? Perhaps some answers to these questions are forthcoming. The National Association of Public School Adult Educators recently appointed a number of committees to study these and related questions with reports due this winter. If agreement on basic policies and practices can be reached among those most involved, it may help to bring some order into the facts and figures of this important but chaotic field.

BANK STREET COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, in New York City, has announced plans for a "city-oriented" series of elementary school readers, to be developed in cooperation with the Macmillan Company. Similar in objective to the series developed by the Follett Publishing Company and the Detroit Public Schools, reported recently in this column (*SR*, Oct. 20), the new series will focus on the mixed population of the nation's urban areas. The appearance of non-white children and adults in the selections and illustrations "will be matter-of-fact and will not be used as a basis for moralizing," according to President John Niemeyer of the College. The readers will be designed for use by a broad segment of the population and will not be aimed at any minority group—which would be "a subtle form of literary segregation." The texts will differ materially from present primary readers, according to Mr. Niemeyer, in that "special attention will be given to the rhythms of natural speech and the aptness of phrases, rather than the shortness of words." Vocabulary will not be restricted by the standard controls employed for most readers. Attempts to develop elementary readers that more truly represent American life in their content and illustrations are long overdue. Let us hope that other publishers will have the courage to follow the lead of Follett and Macmillan.

FRATERNITY MEN and independents were compared recently in a study by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center. Most results of the study will not prove startling for those familiar with the totems and taboos of undergraduate life, but others may be less expected. For instance, fraternity men have more dates, indulge in more extracurricular activities, fill more campus

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offices, and get lower grades than their non-member counterparts. On the other hand, as many members of religious minority groups are fraternity members as independents, and both groups come from "very much the same kind of home," although members are somewhat more likely to have college-educated parents. Fraternity men choose business administration as a major field more often than independents and a large percentage intend to go into business and law. Non-members are more likely to major in engineering, humanities, and physical and natural sciences. Members and non-members are about equally likely to have regular and part-time jobs during the school year. Adjectives all students associate with fraternity men are "well dressed," "well-to-do," "aggressive," "enthusiastic," and "sophisticated." Non-members are seen as "individualistic," "introverted," "studious," and "liberal."

A STRONG CHALLENGE to the forces of censorship in the nation was issued last month by the National Council of Teachers of English in a statement called, "The Students' Right to Read." Across America today, it says, "increasing pressures are exerted on schools to restrict the access of students to important and worthwhile books." Attempts are made to remove works of recognized literary value from classrooms and libraries. Any listing of authors considered unsuitable for school use by some self-appointed censor runs from Plato to Shakespeare, to Hawthorne and Thoreau, to Faulkner and Salinger, and begins "to read like a random sampling from a 'Who's Who' of distinguished literary figures of the Western world."

Reactions to attacks on books vary from one community to another. In some cases the school administration and citizens groups rally to the support of the books and the teachers who assign them. In others, teachers are reprimanded or dismissed and the books are quietly removed from the school.

But, the statement says, the immediate results of an attack are only part of the story. "Not as sensational, but perhaps more important, are the long-range results. Merely from fear of such attacks, schools have removed enduring books from libraries and classrooms. Many students continue their 'education' in a climate hostile to free inquiry, with limited access to important literary documents." As a result, teachers are left with a small group of "nice" books that fail to excite students

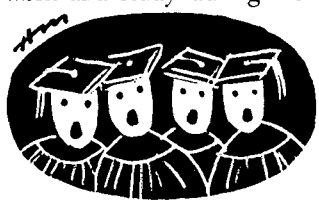
The NCTE has performed a service in developing a forthright statement on censorship, and a program of action for teachers and laymen in resisting pressures to limit students' access to our literary heritage. Copies of the statement can be obtained from the NCTE, 508 South Sixth St., Champaign, Ill., 25 for $1.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN students are getting a useful roommate in their residence hall to help them with their homework. An experimental ten-booth language lab is being set up in the East Quadrangle with full access to all language programs available in the central language laboratory several blocks away. All booths will be dial-operated so that a student will simply have to put on earphones and tune in on the lesson he wants—much as he would dial a telephone. If all goes well, according to Erwin M. Hanson, acting director of the university's laboratory, the relatively inexpensive auxiliary lab will not only be more convenient for the dormitory student to use, but it will also take some of the pressure off the central, 145-booth laboratory at which language students are spending progressively more time as instructional materials on tapes are improved.

WORK-STUDY PROGRAMS have, for more than half a century, allowed some college students to alternate periods of study with full-time work at responsible jobs. Commonly known as "cooperative education," because it depends on cooperation between the colleges and the employers of students, the program now enrolls an estimated 30,000 students in sixty colleges. The National Commission for Cooperative Education (8 West 40th St., New York 18) was established recently to stimulate wider acceptance of the idea and to help colleges interested in initiating new programs.

The "learn and earn" idea was first tried in 1906 at the University of Cincinnati with twenty-seven engineering students. It is still more common among engineering students than others, and more men are enrolled than women. However, successful programs have been adopted for students of the liberal arts, the sciences, business administration, and education. Women, too, have successfully engaged in cooperative education at Bennington College and several other women's colleges. Antioch College pioneered the first program for liberal arts students and enrolls both men and women in its program.

Specific advantages are claimed for students who have the experience of both work and study during their college years. Because theory and practice are combined in the work-study program, students are more highly motivated. According to Dr. Ralph Tyler, director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, and chairman of the new commission, "Cooperative students become more mature, and their records in graduate school and employment show that cooperative education is a first-rate education." In addition, students in the program earn an average of $500 a year more than students who work only during the summer and part time during the school year. For the college the program means fuller utilization of the school plant throughout the year as enrollment is stable in summer as well as through the academic year.



Plans of the National Commission to expand cooperative education are based on a two-year study of such programs. The findings of the study and discussions about them have been published in a book, "Work-Study College Programs: Appraisal and Report of the Study of Cooperative Education," by James W. Wilson and Edward H. Lyons (Harper, 1961), and in a pamphlet, "Report on Cooperative Education," by Ralph W. Tyler and Annice L. Mills, published by the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation, available from the National Commission.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY of educational achievement of thirteen-year-olds in twelve countries, including the United States, has just been published by the UNESCO Institute for Education in Hamburg, Germany. Tests in math, science, geography, and reading comprehension were administered almost simultaneously to a sampling of students in Belgium, England, Finland, France, West Germany, Israel, Poland, Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, the U.S.A., and Yugoslavia. Results show interesting but unexplained national differences. The French-speaking countries, led by Belgium, excelled in mathematics, with Poland also showing up well. The English-speaking countries and Yugoslavia were consistently poor. Yugoslavia led in reading comprehension, followed by Scotland and Finland, while Belgium and Poland did poorly. In geography, Germany, Israel and Poland were leaders, while the English-speaking countries made a notably poor showing. The United States and Germany led in science, and Yugoslavia and England also did well, while the French-speaking countries did poorly. Copies of the sixty-eight-page report may be obtained from the UNESCO Publication Center, 801 Third Avenue, New York City, paperback $1, cloth $1.50.

—James Cass.

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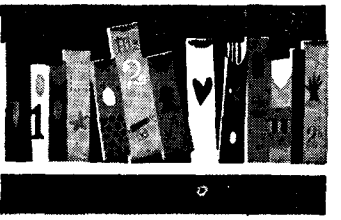
the Editor's Bookshelf



IS IT TRUE THAT "something went wrong" in American education during the first half of this century? The large and receptive audience for books and articles critical of the schools suggests a widespread conviction that it did. We offer more schooling than ever before, and more diplomas and degrees are granted, but no one seems to be entirely satisfied with the results.

Efforts to identify the culprit have not been entirely successful—was it a man, an ideology, an institution, or some defect lying deep within our culture—perhaps an extreme permissiveness that lead to a reluctance on the part of both parents and teachers to hold to standards?

Progressive education has been a prime target, but educators have been quick to point out that most of our public schools have never been very progressive while the best examples of progressivism are found in some of the private schools that have been strangely immune from attack. When the blame is attached to John Dewey the many disciples of that eminent philosopher find it easy to advance evidence that those most critical of Dewey seem not to have read his works and that Dewey's views on education were closer to those of some of the present-day critics than to the practices most widely criticized.

When teachers colleges are blamed for poor teaching in the schools, those familiar with the facts point out that fewer than 20 per cent of our teachers come from teachers colleges while 80 per cent come from liberal arts colleges or universities. Even in a teachers college the professional courses in education account for only a small percentage of the total curriculum and if our teachers do not know history, mathematics, literature, and science it must be because the college professors of those subjects failed to teach them effectively.

Now a new culprit has been identified. In **"Education and the Cult of Efficiency"** (University of Chicago Press. 273 pp. $5.50), Raymond E. Callahan marshals evidence that the greatest force undermining intellectual standards in our schools has been the cult of efficiency and the willingness of school administrators to allow themselves to be guided by "sound business practices" rather than by educational goals based upon a scholarly tradition.

The trend became observable early in the century. Callahan quotes numerous statements made by leading school administrators as early as 1913 in which they emphasized their managerial responsibilities, called themselves "school executives," and stressed the importance of saving the tax dollars, while giving little thought to their role as intellectual leaders.

When they went to graduate school they ignored the higher learning and chose courses in school finance, public relations, school housing, and personnel administration. It soon became apparent to younger educators that those who took advanced degrees in school management got the good jobs while those who became scholars remained classroom teachers on a much lower pay scale. Callahan cites evidence that even as recently as 1960 school superintendents from all over the country, when asked which fields of study they considered most important for school administrators, placed school finance at the top of the list and public relations, human relations, and school business management within the first five.

He suggests two remedies. Graduate schools offering doctorates in education for future school administrators should require serious disciplined study of such academic fields as history, philosophy, psychology, and sociology. And we should "take a hard and realistic look at our patterns of local support and control—much of the vulnerability of administrators is due to our traditional means of financing the schools largely through local property taxes. . . . So long as schoolmen have a knife poised at their financial jugular vein each year, professional autonomy is impossible."

Callahan is a professor of education at Washington University in St. Louis and a student of George Counts of Columbia's Teachers College, to whom the book is dedicated. For a long time educators with such a background were on the defensive and reluctant to admit that anything had gone wrong with our great experiment of universal education. The fact that some of them now are willing to join in the critical reassessment may herald a new day in educational thought. —P.W.

What Surprised Callahan

"I was not really surprised to find business ideas and practices being used in education.

"What was unexpected was the extent, not only of the power of the business-industrial groups, but of the strength of the business ideology in the American culture on the one hand and the extreme weakness and vulnerability of schoolmen, especially school administrators, on the other. I had expected more professional autonomy and I was completely unprepared for the extent and degree of capitulation by administrators to whatever demands were made upon them. I was surprised and then dismayed to learn how many decisions they made or were forced to make, not on educational grounds, but as a means of appeasing their critics in order to maintain their positions in the school."

—From the author's preface to "Education and the Cult of Efficiency."

A NEW SERIES of twelve monographs published by the Syracuse University Press is entitled "The Economics and Politics of Public Education." Results of a three-year research project in educational finance, the volumes analyze the economic, social, and political factors which influence the support of elementary and secondary education. The series is notable in that it is the work not of a school of education, but of the prestigious Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. Four volumes in the series have been published to date: "Schoolmen and Politics," by Stephen K. Bailey, Richard T. Frost, Paul E. Marsh, and Robert C. Wood; "Government and the Suburban School," by Roscoe C. Martin; "National Politics in Federal Aid to Education," by Frank J. Munger and Richard Fenno; and "Issues in Federal Aid to Education," by Sidney C. Sufrin. The remaining volumes in the series will appear during 1963. They are priced at $1.75 each. —J.C.

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Administration as the Villain

"The Community of Scholars," by Paul Goodman *(Random House. 175 pp. $3.95), details one man's acerb view of what is wrong with contemporary American higher education and what should be done about it. William K. Selden is executive secretary of the National Commission on Accrediting and former president of Illinois College.*

By WILLIAM K. SELDEN

LIFE is filled with paradoxes, one of which is the relative political liberalism of university professors and their corresponding conservatism as far as education is concerned. Our society is in the midst of a social and scientific revolution, partially caused by the discoveries and new learning of the professors themselves, who see the need for political and economic changes but who tend to be myopic as far as their own educational organizations and practices are concerned.

In "The Community of Scholars" Paul Goodman endeavors to dramatize the need for university change, but in his attempt he will not make friends and not likely influence many people, especially in the direction in which he believes higher education should be oriented. As a former professor and peripatetic lecturer, as a psychologist and group therapist, and as a would-be historian and sociologist, Goodman seems to revel in flailing at present educational habits and attitudes and in aspiring to be the vocal conscience of recent generations of scholars who have been mesmerized by "the spread of administrative mentality."

In contrast to the accepted present day definition of a university, the author conceives that an institution by this name should be where humanism prevails, where teaching and learning is more committed, and where professors are freed from "external control, administration, bureaucratic machinery, and other excrescences that have swamped our communities of scholars." This ideal institution would comprise ten teachers and from 120 to 150 students, and "if we think of the simple university, strong in its poverty, there is no such [condition as] financial necessity." Goodman's ideal is the medieval *studium generale* which "is anarchically self-regulating or at least self-governed; animally and civilly unrestrained; yet itself an intramural city with a universal culture; walled from the world; yet active in the world; living in a characteristically planned neighborhood according to the principles of mutual aid; and with its members in oath-bound fealty to one another as teachers and students."

In a manner similar to the contemporary abstract artist who is searching for and trying to express life in its basic and simplest forms (and sometimes without success), Goodman is endeavoring to find a means of reinstating the relationship of student to master, of nurturing a humanistic approach to knowledge, unsegmented by specialized and departmentalized learning, and of encouraging individuality in a highly complex and organized society with its bulging population. His solution is as unrealistic as would be the proposal to resume manufacture of the model T Ford in order to provide a slower transportation and more opportunity to observe the countryside, only incidentally with a reduction in the number of highway fatalities.

Goodman's unfettered analysis and reasoning have encouraged him to present a bold characterization of our contemporary university scene and its most uncomplimentary features. In a somewhat rambling series of related but unevenly written essays the author argues from a sound premise that "naturally the schools are tightly involved with the performance and even more with the style, of the dominant system of society." But then he describes "the organization of American society [as] an interlocking system of semi-monopolies notoriously unenlightened, misled by mass media notoriously phony, and a baroque State waging war against another baroque State." As a consequence of this social setting "the community of scholars is replaced by a community of administrators and scholars with administrative mentalities, company men and time servers among the teachers, grade-seekers and time-servers among the students. And this new community mans a machine that, incidentally, turns out educational products."

His peevish pen concentrates its attack on the presidents and other administrators who, he claims, are remarkably free to determine university policies and are more independent than tip-top corporation executives. Although he implies that these office holders are the individuals primarily responsible for the sad plight of the universities, he castigates in an engaging but vituperative manner other groups including the American Association of University Professors which he claims "is a national craft union, largely of entrenched seniors, that copes with distant crises by dilatory committee work."

There is much that Goodman has written which will irritate, if not infuriate, those educators who are convinced that our present pattern of university education is sound and in need of only modest changes. Before such individuals with contented minds read this book—and because of irritation some of them who start will not finish it—they should be cautioned not to let their emotional reactions prevent them from digesting and comprehending the validity of various observations. It is not singly the author but many others as well who "are unhappy about the swollen institutions, the business and government financing, the divisiveness of administrative rules, the lack of personal contact, the irrelevant methods of accountancy, the specialist pride of faculties, the closed minds and conformity of students."

THE opinions of dissatisfied individuals and groups should be heard and given reflective study. It is from the extreme opinions of the biased, the iconoclasts, and those who delight in half-truths that stimulation is derived and social improvement is often instigated. And it is this same type of individual who not only makes life harder for university administrators and department chairmen, but who brings verve to faculty discussions and makes campuses delightful and stimulating places in which to work and live.

It is paradoxical that individuals who tend to be most anarchistic, a position which Goodman claims for himself, are the very ones who most criticize the administrators who are subject to denunciation when they support academic freedom and insist upon providing protection for faculty members to express their individual opinions.

This book has been enjoyable to read and for this we can be grateful to the author and to the publisher. However, the publisher must be criticized for not having insisted upon the inclusion of a bibliography and an index, or at least an adequate identification of the sources of quotations and references. And the jacket says "Mr. Goodman boldly and excitingly offers a stunning practical alternative to the situation that now prevails." Would that this were so!

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New Books

A SURVEY OF FEDERAL PROGRAMS IN HIGHER EDUCATION. *By J. Kenneth Little. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.) 55 pp. Paperback, 25 cents.* A summary of the projects, participating institutions, and the effect of these projects on the institutions.

THE ADULT EDUCATION MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. *By Malcolm S. Knowles. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston. 335 pp. $5.* A comprehensive history of adult education from colonial days to the present.

MINISTRIES OF EDUCATION: THEIR FUNCTIONS AND ORGANIZATIONS. *By Kathryn G. Heath. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.) 684 pp. Paperback, $2.50.* A description of the public administration of education in sixty-nine countries.

POPULAR EDUCATION AND DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT IN AMERICA. *By Rush Welter. Columbia University Press. 473 pp. $8.50.* A study of how American educational beliefs have shaped the nation's political thought since colonial days.

EFFECTIVE TEACHING: HOW TO RECOGNIZE AND REWARD COMPETENCE and **A PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION FOR THE SPACE AGE.** *Both by Terrel Howard Bell. Exposition Press. 79 pp. and 62 pp., respectively. $2.75 each.* Two controversial subjects—merit pay for teachers and the suitability of "life adjustment" education in the space age—are discussed by a school superintendent.

THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO MILITARY SERVICE. 1963 Edition. *By Michael Harwood. Channel Press. 313 pp. Cloth, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.* Answers to questions students ask about their military obligations and educational programs available to the serviceman.

HANDBOOK OF DATA AND DEFINITIONS IN HIGHER EDUCATION. *American Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers. (Available from Publications Office, American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington 6, D.C.) 132 pp. Paperback, $2.* A glossary of terms used in higher education, compiled and defined by a distinguished group of educational administrators.

COMPLETE PLANNING FOR COLLEGE. The Kiplinger Guide to Your Education Beyond High School. *By Sidney Sulkin. McGraw-Hill. 268 pp. $5.95.* A guide on how to prepare for, get admitted to, pay for, and study in college by the education editor of *Changing Times.*

HOW TO PREPARE FOR COLLEGE. *By Abraham H. Lass. Pocket Books. 466 pp. Cloth, $2.95. Paperback, 95 cents.* A comprehensive guide for college-bound students by the principal of a New York City high school.

STATE UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. A Guide for Prospective Students. *Edited by Roy Hoopes. Luce (Washington, D.C.). 481 pp. Cloth, $4.95. Paperback, $3.95.* A comprehensive handbook on the large state and municipal colleges and universities of the United States.

THE COMMUNITY OF SCHOLARS. *By Paul Goodman. Random House. 175 pp. $3.95.* (Reviewed in this issue.)

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. *Association for Childhood Education International (3615 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington 16, D.C.). 130 pp. Paperback, $1.50.* Books on a variety of subjects for 8-to-12-year-olds.

ADOLESCENT ATTITUDES TOWARD ACADEMIC BRILLIANCE. *By Abraham J. Tannenbaum. Talented Youth Project Monograph. (Available from Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.) 100 pp. $3.50.* The results of a study to determine what effect mental superiority has on the social status of its possessor.

CHANCE AND CHOICE IN HIGHER EDUCATION. *By M. M. Chambers. The Interstate Printers and Publishers (Danville, Ill.). 119 pp. Paperback, $2.50.* More students should be given greater opportunities for post-high school study, according to the author, a member of the faculty of the Center for the Study of Higher Education at the University of Michigan.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Continued from page 43

had become sufficiently well established the college initiated the request for NCATE accreditation. The program itself is set in the context of a strong liberal arts curriculum with considerable emphasis on work in depth in a major field. No major is offered in the field of education or teacher preparation, and the teacher education program is limited to the secondary school fields of study. Carleton College feels that a strong academic major, with limited work in the field of education and student teaching, is proper preparation for secondary school teachers.

Second, the process of seeking NCATE accreditation was especially helpful to this college, as it has been to many other liberal arts colleges, in clarifying and defining more adequately its program of teacher education. Our experience with the NCATE visiting team was entirely favorable, and we felt they did a conscientious and capable job in assessing our program. For reasons which must be understood largely in terms of NCATE procedures in effect at that time, Carleton College felt that its program and the report of the visiting team were not adequately considered by the committees which actually made the decision to deny accreditation. This decision, according to gularly established NCATE policy, was ubject to acceptance by the college or a request for review before final ratification by the National Council.

Carleton College requested that the negative decision be reviewed. In the process of review, involving further clarification of points in question and direct representation by the College to the body which recommends accreditation or denial thereof, the college was fully satisfied in every respect. It deserves to be noted that some of the administrative procedures to which Carleton and many others objected have now been changed.

Third, certain aspects of our program which NCATE had earlier called into question and which the college vigorously defended were fully and sufficiently clarified in the review procedure without modification of our program. Certain modifications of the program were already under way at the time the visiting committee first came to the campus, but these were apparently not sufficiently established at the time the denial decision was made. Subsequent to that decision the college made one or two other changes in the program, which, in the context of our emphasis and program as a whole, were minor and procedural. In the end Carleton's program was fully accredited without sacrifice of what we felt to be important educational principles and practices for this liberal arts college.

In sum, therefore, Carleton College would maintain that it ultimately received a full and fair hearing from NCATE. Its difference with NCATE throughout was more in terms of procedures than educational principles. The matter of procedures was satisfactorily resolved, and differences of principles were not a critical factor in the final disposition of the case.

Mr. Koerner's article was prepared prior to completion of our experience with NCATE. It is not in order to comment here on that article except to say that this college does not share the author's pessimism regarding NCATE or the manner in which he presumed to deal with the issues of teacher education.

RICHARD C. GILMAN,
Dean of the College,
Carleton College.

Northfield, Minn.

KOERNER'S QUALIFICATIONS

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND why you failed to identify James D. Koerner as a director and former executive secretary of the Council for Basic Education. . . . I firmly believe that you owed it to your readers to identify Mr. Koerner's bias. Your meager identification of Mr. Koerner to the uninformed would suggest that he was a qualified, objective, impartial reporter.

KENNETH JONSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Koerner's qualifications as author of the article result from the study he has made of teacher education and his observations of NCATE in action rather than from his organizational affiliations.*

EDUCATION UNQUALIFIED

THERE'S ONLY ONE WORD to describe the supplement of October 20—SUPERB!

"Who's Kidding Whom?" should be required reading for all teachers. Being a parent, I read with considerable interest "The Social Unreadiness of Negro Youth." Alas, those who need to read the article will probably never see it and those who will see it will say, "It doesn't apply to me." The article supports my firm belief that a child who measures above average or average in one school should be able to measure the same in any school in the nation, at least the state. But where our children are concerned there's no consistency in the city, the county, not even the same school!

All Negro youths should be prepared for the world of tomorrow—not the world of "yesterday." However, this cannot be accomplished until everyone concerned, boards of education, administrators, principals, teachers and parents admit that there is a problem, stop apologizing and blaming others for the problem and recognize that our young Negro Americans need and must have an EDUCATION—not a Negro Education.

(MRS.) VIRGINIA WALKER.

West Palm Beach, Fla.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 14, 7, 22, 19, 9, 4, 23, 21, 16, 25, 6, 20, 1, 10, 5, 12, 8, 18, 11, 13, 2, 15, 3, 24, 17.

Travel

Continued from page 32

sell us beaded necklaces festooned with some copper springs extracted from a wrecked car, and the brass arm bracelets whose origins left us in wonderment. We gave them money, having no bottles on hand, for bottles are more highly prized by most than Ethiopian dollars.

The next morning I boarded Ethiopian Air Lines' north-bound plane—the jets hadn't, of course, been delivered yet—and we flew north for a stop at Asmara in Eritrea. There was time there, while the plane fueled, for a fast spin around the city, which, with its orderly streets, its broad boulevards and rows of leafy palm trees, was a Mediterranean breath I recognized and understood. Just behind Asmara, as we flew away from it later, the ground fell away to an awesome rift, and the strangeness of Africa began again, and continued as we followed along the bed of the Nile to Cairo, never leaving me until at last we had crossed the Mediterranean and come to earth late that night in Athens, capital of another world. —HORACE SUTTON.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1498

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. The church festival to be observed with full ceremonial (2 wds.).

B. To an alarming degree; shockingly.

C. Australian beach grass.

D. Imaginary substance sought by alchemists, for turning base metals into gold (2 wds.).

E. Strangled again.

F. Towards this planet.

G. Baptizer of the Christ Child (2 wds.).

H. Place of intersection of two or more highways.

I. Resistance.

J. Heavenly body which, Matthew said, guided the Magi to the infant Jesus (4 wds.).

WORDS

66 123 22 102 89 152 172 43 186

101 7 20 202 59 53 111 184 119 141 32

160 75 35 207 153 11

206 115 57 197 67 13 85 171 41 188 166

29 125 155 97 129 145

86 210 52 156 62 118 4 143 95 42 74

131 25 104 212 60 64 12 16 142

215 15 190 46 179 117 81 6 55

174 26 208 110 69 201 147 168 136

138 126 209 63 162 121 10 30 37 1

189 151 159 92 163 127 113 203 180 146 108

114 144 84 33 78 214 176

DEFINITIONS

K. Beverage formerly much used in England at Christmas, Twelfth Night, etc. (3 wds.).

L. The extra month to be inserted in the Roman calendar every second year, acc'g to Numa.

M. Latin Christmas hymn of uncertain date and authorship (2 wds.).

N. Goddess Diana's officiating priest who must have plucked the Golden Bough (2 wds.).

O. *Infant* (2 wds.).

P. Well-known Christmas carol (5 wds.).

Q. At the time or as a result of being tested (2 wds.).

R. On the right side.

S. Admitted.

T. Whatever gives fresh life to anything.

WORDS

130 134 116 82 106 150 192 193 213 73 18

112 194 27

90 198 173 5 191 50 88 98 140 68 40

148 87 177 183 49 24 205 128 77 45 107

157 36

182 103 3 65 96 14 100 211 167 23 133

51 9

170 54 94 21 139 164 135 185 124

47 71 79 195 181 187 38 17 200 76 169

137 175 19 8 105 28

161 44 204 178 58 158 91 34 120

154 165 31 109 61 132

196 56 83 70 39

80 99 199 149 2 48 122 72 93

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 I	2 T	3 N	4 E		5 L	6 G	7 B	8 P	9 N	10 I	11 C	12 F	13 D
	14 N	15 G	16 F	17 P		18 K	19 P	20 B	21 O	22 A		23 N	24 M	25 F	26 H	27 K	28 P
	29 D	30 I	31 R		32 B	33 J	34 Q	35 C	36 M		37 I	38 P	39 S		40 L	41 D	42 E
	43 A	44 Q	45 M	46 G	47 P		48 T	49 M		50 L	51 N	52 E	53 B	54 O	55 G		56 S
57 D	58 Q	59 B		60 F	61 R	62 E		63 I	64 F	65 N		66 A	67 D	68 L	69 H	70 S	71 P
72 T	73 K	74 E		75 C	76 P	77 M		78 J	79 P	80 T		81 G	82 K	83 S		84 J	85 D
86 E	87 M		88 L	89 A		90 L	91 Q	92 J	93 T	94 O	95 E	96 N		97 D	98 L	99 T	
100 N	101 B		102 A	103 N	104 F		105 P	106 K	107 M	108 J	109 R	110 H		111 B	112 K	113 J	
114 J	115 D	116 K		117 G	118 E	119 B	120 Q	121 I	122 T	123 A	124 O	125 D		126 I	127 J	128 M	129 D
130 K	131 F	132 R	133 N		134 K	135 O	136 H		137 P	138 I		139 O	140 L	141 B	142 F		143 E
144 J	145 D		146 J	147 H	148 M	149 T	150 K		151 J	152 A	153 C	154 R		155 D	156 E	157 M	158 Q
159 J		160 C	161 Q	162 I	163 J		164 O	165 R		166 D	167 N	168 H	169 P	170 O		171 D	172 A
173 L	174 H	175 P	176 J	177 M	178 Q	179 G		180 J	181 P	182 N		183 M	184 B	185 O	186 A	187 P	188 D
189 J	190 G	191 L	192 K		193 K		194 K	195 P	196 S	197 D	198 L		199 T	200 P	201 H	202 B	203 J
	204 Q	205 M		206 D	207 C	208 H	209 I	210 E	211 N	212 F	213 K	214 J	215 G				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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YOUR PLAYBILL OF FINE ALMADÉN WINES

CAST WITH CHARACTER

PROLOGUE Set the stage with our delightful dry ***Almadén Solera Cocktail Sherry,*** served chilled . . . medium dry ***Almadén Golden Sherry*** . . . or ***Almadén Solera Cream Sherry.*** All of these are made by the slow Spanish process, solera-blended, and are aged in small oak butts. ***Solera Ruby*** and ***Tawny Port*** are similarly matured.

THE LEAD Our world renowned ***Almadén Grenache Rosé.*** Suave, bright, completely engaging, this versatile artist is supreme with any luncheon or dinner. To assure applause, serve chilled.

DEBUTS Introducing three new charming companions to fish or fowl . . . the mellow, full bodied ***Almadén Sauvignon Blanc*** . . . the tantalizing ***Almadén Chenin Blanc,*** with a semi-sweet flavor . . . and ***Almadén Mountain Rhine,*** a soft, fresh fruity white wine with a typical Rhine wine bouquet. In our supporting cast are ***Almadén Johannisberg Riesling, Pinot Chardonnay, Traminer, Pinot Blanc, Chablis, Sylvaner*** and ***Grey Riesling.***

DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS An inveterate stealer of the dinner scene is ***Almadén Pinot Noir,*** a rich robust burgundy, equal to any steak, chop or roast. And for performance in the classic tradition, ***Almadén Cabernet Sauvignon*** is unsurpassed in body and depth of character. Entitled to share the billing are ***Almadén Burgundy*** and ***Almadén Chianti.***

ENTER: THE KING His majesty, ***Almadén Brut.*** Made by the traditional French process . . . the méthode champenoise . . . this is indeed the royal standard of champagne. In princely attendance are ***Extra Dry Champagne, Rosé Champagne, Pink Champagne*** and ***Sparkling Burgundy.***

EPILOGUE

Almadén publishes *News from the Vineyards* with wine notes by Frank Schoonmaker, recipes by James Beard and others. It will be sent *free* if you drop a note or postcard to:
ALMADÉN VINEYARDS
P.O. Box 906-K
LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

THE REVIEWS
Almadén Wines were served exclusively at the American Pavilion, Brussels Worlds Fair, 1958. Almadén Champagne, alone, was selected for the Presidential Inaugural Balls of 1953, 1957, 1961.

ALMADÉN
California's Premier Wines
MOUNTAIN GROWN
VINEYARDS EST. 1852

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